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Our Irish  
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8-9





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JULY 24, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 1

## GOOD WISHES TO Our cover LEW HOAD

**WIMBLEDON** tennis champion Lew Hoad has at last turned professional after a dazzling career as an amateur.

And his film-star guarantee of nearly £56,000 is the highest figure paid an amateur in any sport.

Hoad, like Frank Sedgman, Ken Rosewall, and others, has not only proved himself a champion but has kept Australia at the top of the world's sporting lists.

Despite the occasional eccentricities of his court behaviour, he has been equal to about three trade commissioners as a good advertisement for this country.

But champions don't last long these days, and Hoad, though possessing an incredible eye, power, and control on a tennis court, has never had any training for routine business life.

He has, therefore, decided to put his future, and the future of his wife and child, first, and make the most quickly from the chief skill he possesses.

Most people will feel that he has made a wise decision, however they may regret his loss from the amateur ranks.

That high-pressure American enterprise has made tennis a little goldmine is Hoad's gain and a loss to amateurism and Australian sport.

It's ironical that professional promoter Jack Kramer, who appears to have unlimited funds, seems to be doing more to help the United States win the amateur Davis Cup than all the tennis amateurs in the U.S. stable.

But as amateurism or professionalism is a personal decision—good luck, Lew Hoad.

● Aliti Lucky Charm, an orange-eyed male Persian cat owned by Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hancock, of Hurstville, N.S.W., poses on a turquoise carpet beside a bowl of pansies to match his eyes. Aliti was not an amenable model at first and staff photographer Ernest Nutt developed a special line of cat calls before he secured the picture.

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## BOOK REVIEW by HELEN FRIZELL

## Roaming Europe on scooter built for two

● How Malcolm Oram and his wife, Anna, ever survived to write their tale, "The Long Brown Path," is hard to imagine.

**A**N Australian couple, they overlanded from Europe to Ceylon, bucketing along mountain and desert tracks on a motor-scooter built for two.

Many other Australians, travelling by car or old London taxi, have come the same way, but too often their accounts have dwelt on engine troubles and holed sumps rather than on places and people.

Young and keen-minded, the Orams missed little on the way, and have produced an interesting adventure story packed with incident.

They struck illness, rioting, and suspicion. In Jordan

brigands stopped them, jabbed them with rifles, accused them of being Jewish spies, and roared, "We will shoot you."

At which Malcolm Oram talked fast, while Anna pointed frantically to "Australia" painted in Arabic on the side of the motor-scooter.

Another point of the journey long to be remembered was their trip by pilgrim ship from Basra to Pakistan. Though Mrs. Oram managed to get a cabin, her husband shared the below-decks' life of the pilgrims, waking at dawn to see men nearby smoking hookahs, while shrouded women bent over stoves frying their dough in fat.

Inured by now to dirt and smells, the Orams, hoarding

their last rupees, travelled through India making meals of rice and spices and feeling the "dull edge of hunger" gnawing at them.

There was the moment when the couple, stopped for the night, woke up to see two curious monkeys sitting on the scooter's saddle, fingering the controls and "squabbling over their new-found possession."

Down to Colombo and a round of the shipping offices looking for passages home within their means. Rescue came from an Italian line, and the Orams, plus scooter, went aboard at the end of the long brown path.

Copy from the publishers, Horwitz Publications.



# Australian girls to be presented

● Pictured here are Australian girls who will meet the Queen at the Presentation Party which precedes the Buckingham Palace Garden Party on July 18. They are wearing the dresses they have chosen specially for the great occasion. Many of the Australian debutantes are in Britain on working holidays.



**SOUTH AUSTRALIANS** Michele Tiver, of "Toolangi," Hollett (left), and Cecily Rymill, of Adelaide, in the dresses they will wear to Buckingham Palace.



**ATTRACTIVE** model Georgina Wardell, of Newcastle, N.S.W., checks her appearance in the mirror. She will wear a red hat with her slim white linen dress.



**VICTORIAN** Julia Bell, of Barnawartha, who is well known in Sydney and Melbourne for show-riding events, has chosen a satin-finished cotton, presentation dress.



**PRETTY SISTERS** Ann and Dimity Davis, of Woollahra, N.S.W., were named by English newspapers as two of best-dressed Ascot debutantes.



**DEBUTANTE SISTERS** Louise and Thea Colman, of Ballarat, Victoria, Thea (right), who will marry Ian Manson, of Gippsland, Victoria, in Australia next year, is in flowered pure silk, and Louise is in shantung linen.



**WESTERN AUSTRALIAN** debutantes, sisters Rosemary and Jennifer Peet, of Claremont. Jennifer (right) designed both their presentation dresses.



**FLOWERED BLUE SILK** is the choice of Judith King, of Point Piper, Sydney. She is travelling with her mother, Mrs. K. R. King.



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**Boiling plate (left-hand side):** Always ready to boil water at the almost incredible rate of a pint a minute. Superb for grilling, boiling, toasting and frying. It also supplies the sustained rapid heat essential for green vegetables which must be boiled really quickly in order to retain their natural goodness, vitamins and colour. Sprouts and cabbage are beautifully crisp when cooked the AGA way.

**Simmering plate (right-hand side):** Complementary to the fast-boiling plate. This supplies the necessary steady, automatically controlled, low heat for tricky things like milk and egg-thickened sauces. Brings milk safely to the boil. The simmering plate is evenly heated over the whole area and, like the boiling plate, will accommodate four 8-pint saucepans at one time.

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LEW HOAD with his wife, Jenny, and their daughter, Jane. Lew's mother is looking after Jane because of the difficulties in travelling on a tour with a small child.

## Jenny Hoad delayed Lew's tennis 'pro' career

Wimbledon champion Lew Hoad would have joined American promoter Jack Kramer's professional tennis troupe two years ago but for the intervention of his wife, Jenny.

LEW allowed himself to be swayed by her judgment—that he should remain an amateur—and it turned out to be a successful risk.

At that time Lew had not won a Wimbledon title, and Jenny was confident that he could.

She therefore insisted that he wait—even though the fat contract offered by American promoter Jack Kramer was very tempting to two recently married 20-year-olds.

Now Lew has become the first person since the war to win the Wimbledon championship two years running.

And with an offer from Kramer more than twice the original amount, even Jenny had to agree that it was time to secure their future.

Lew's contract with Kramer provides for a £55,802 minimum guarantee. But with bonuses for victories and a percentage of the tour "gate" he may earn more than £89,000 in the next two years.

### Most popular

Lew has been the most popular player among other tennis amateurs I have known.

This is probably because, win or lose, he is calm and unassuming.

He talks less about tennis than any other player and always appears to be more interested in the results of other people's matches than in his own.

His own game is the sub-

ject friends know they must not discuss with him.

He doesn't even like to talk tennis with his wife.

When Jenny was to play Dottie Knodel, No. 5 seeded player at Wimbledon, in the first round, she was a little nervous.

She thought, as wife of the world's champion, she might get a little advice.

"Lew," she said, "if you were me and had to play Dottie Knodel today, what would you do?"

She waited through the silence that followed.

Then Lew said, "If I were you I'd forfeit," and he rolled over in bed and went to sleep.

Furious at his lack of respect for her game, Jenny went out on the No. 1 court and played the game of her life.

When Lew came into the stand and sat next to me Jenny had won one set and was 30-all in the second—only two points off the match which would have been the upset of the women's tournament.

I think even Lew was a little embarrassed.

One indication of his popularity came in the French championships when he was surprisingly beaten by Neil Gibson.

Most people like to see a champion lose occasionally.

But at the end of this match there was silence in the players' section—they all felt that Hoad was a much better player than anyone in

the world today, provided he is fit.

Few people realise how many setbacks he had before leaving Australia this year.

From January till April he spent six weeks in plaster, not knowing whether he would play tennis again.

When the plaster was removed he caught a severe chill, and spent another two weeks in bed.

A week later, as he was about to commence playing again, he caught mumps, and left Australia having played only four practice games since January.

Three months later he again won the world's championship. This is something only a real champion could do.

It all took great determination and courage, yet, outwardly, Lew must be one of the world's most casual players.

For example, most champions feel it is essential to "wear in" a new racquet before using it in a match proper—but not Lew.

On the day of the Wimbledon final he was warming-up on an outside court when a string broke in the racquet he had been using for two weeks.

Jenny raced some miles away to find a repair man.

When she arrived back Lew had won the first set and was half-way through the second, playing superb tennis with a new racquet. He had torn the wrapping from the grip on the centre court!

His friends agreed he should use a new racquet every

month, as seldom has he played such tennis as on this day.

Lew's decision to play for Kramer, even to contest Wimbledon, involved some family hardship.

Jenny wanted to be with him at Wimbledon—she had been there when he won his first title—yet it meant leaving their small daughter, Jane, behind.

Their first thought was to take her with them on the European tour, but the complications of travelling with a small child were too great.

And Jenny realised, before leaving Australia, that if Lew won Wimbledon and turned "pro" she would hardly see him for the next two years.

Other wives have proved that the going is too hard for them on a professional troupe's tour.

### New words

So Jane had to be left with Lew's mother, who sends weekly reports on the child's progress—of the new words she has learned and of the mischief she gets into.

Before leaving Australia Jenny spent the last week making Jane's winter clothes. One little skirt was a dream.

Jenny copied it from a design she had seen in America last year.

It was in green felt, made with a circular skirt—around the skirt was sewn white cord to represent a clothes-line.

Miniature clothes were cut in different colored felt and pegged on to the "line" with one-inch plastic pegs.

On completing Jane's wardrobe Jenny found she had forgotten to make anything for herself, and spent the last night in Sydney running up a dress to wear on the plane.

From Wimbledon Jenny has gone to America with Lew, and will stay a few weeks until she feels he has settled down.



# Student Prince leads Moslems

● A studious youth of nineteen has become spiritual leader of twenty million Ismaili Moslems, following the death of the 79-year-old Aga Khan.

HE is Prince Karim, the Aga Khan's grandson, and eldest son of Aly Khan and his first wife, the former Mrs. Loel Guinness.

Aly and fiancée, Paris model Bettina, and his brother, Sadruddin and his fiancée, London model Nina Dyer, were in Geneva when the surprise announcement was made of their father's secret decision.

In the family gathering, too, when her beloved grandfather died was Yasmin, the only daughter of Aly and his second wife, Rita Hayworth.

Yasmin has frequently met her stepbrother, Karim—now Aga Khan the Fourth, both in France, where their grandfather lived, and in America, where Prince Karim studied Oriental history at Harvard University.



NEW RULER of twenty million Ismaili Moslems, 19-year-old Prince Karim, Aga Khan the Fourth, receives some of his followers who gathered in Geneva to greet their new spiritual leader. Prince Karim succeeds to his grandfather's spiritual kingdom, but the Aga Khan's vast fortune will be divided between his widow, the Begum Aga Khan, and his two sons, Aly and Sadruddin.



ABOVE: Elder son Prince Aly spoke for his father when the Aga Khan celebrated his 70 years as leader of the Ismaili Moslem sect. Beside her husband is the Begum Aga Khan.



AGA KHAN the Fourth, Prince Karim (right), photographed with his father, Aly Khan, in Geneva, after the announcement that the Aga Khan had chosen his grandson to succeed him.



PRINCESS YASMIN, seven-year-old daughter of Prince Aly and film star Rita Hayworth, who was reported to be the Aga Khan's favorite grandchild.



ABOVE: With the brim of his hat turned up, Prince Aly strode ahead of his mannequin fiancée, Bettina, at a French racecourse recently. Aly inherited his father's great interest in racing.



YOUNGER SON Prince Sadruddin with his fiancée, London model Nina Dyer. She is the former wife of Baron von Thyssen, from whom she got a £1,000,000 divorce settlement. Until the Aga's decision was made known there was much conjecture as to whether the gay Aly or his more sedate brother, Sadruddin, would become the new Aga Khan.



# MALLEYS Automatic Demonstration



The gay canvas canopy over the Malley's is used during store demonstrations. This scene was sketched during an actual demonstration in the appliance section of a Malley's Retailer.

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# 6000-mile road trial: Billy tea on "horror track"

## Stones, sand worst hazards in gruelling night drive

● Being a passenger instead of a competitor in a car trial does not spare you bumps or speed on the road, but it certainly saves worry. You have nothing to do but sit back, fasten the usual safety belt, and watch the countryside unwinding through the windscreen.

THERE is no fear of being lost, no maps to cope with, and I am enjoying it.

By  
**HELEN FRIZELL,**  
staff reporter

After being a contestant in two earlier round-Australia trials, I followed this year's Ampol trial in a Press car and light aircraft.

On the fourth day we reached Marree, in South Australia, which was the beginning of the 370-mile Birdsville Track "horror stretch."

While waiting for the trial cars to check in at Marree, I met Mrs. Tom Kruse and her children, Helen (9), Phillip (7), and Jeffrey (nearly 2).

Mr. Kruse was away "up the Track," making a dam on Clifton Hills Station, and their other child, Pauline, was at boarding-school.

Mrs. Kruse has often travelled the Track, helping her husband "plate" his vehicle through sand bogs. "It is the driving season now," she said. "You will find the road cut in little holes by the feet of cattle."

I met Mr. Jack Bejah and his wife and children. Jack's father was the famous Afghan who went as a camelman on the Calvert Wells expedition in the 1890s.

Jack himself was head camelman for the 1939 Madigan expedition, the first party to cross the Simpson Desert. This expedition came out on the Birdsville Track near Mount Gason.

### Cooked meals

I talked to Mrs. Jim Sykes, wife of the policeman responsible for more than 200,000 square miles of territory. She was working in the kitchen of the hotel, helping to prepare meals for the contestants.

As the first cars approached Marree at four o'clock in the morning, the township got busy.

Mr. Bill Duffield opened the store, where he sells everything from high-heeled drivers' boots to prospectors' gold-pans, to cope with requests for emergency food.

At a little two-bed hospital, English nursing-sister Miss Marjorie Youngs was waiting up in case medical attention was needed. Formerly of Great Yarmouth, she has been on trips bringing in patients by Landrover from places nearly 100 miles distant.

In came the car crews, dusty and staggering with tiredness. In from a station property where a broadcast was made during the Queen's visit came a carload of people who had risen at 2 a.m. to see the contestants.

Townpeople said that the

last time Marree had been lit up at night was when cars turned on their headlights to pick out the airstrip for a Flying Doctor aircraft trying to make a landing.

Cars raced off along the track through clouds of dust, along plains that seemed unending. The Birdsville Track is a really hard test for the average car, the main hazard being stones that litter the plains. Some of the bigger stones were sump-wreckers.

On the way we saw a small fire and stopped to find the mailman, Max Bowden, and his mate, Allen O'Brien, who are on the regular run on the Track.

### Swamp search

Over billy tea, Max Bowden said one trial driver had missed the Track and was lost in a stretch of swampy lignum-scrub country. "No use going after them tonight," he said, "but a search will be on in the morning."

The night seemed endless as we bumped along through stones or shovelled the car out of sand bogs. In the morning the terrain changed, the stones being replaced with flat clay-pans and more sandhills.

One member of the Press team, film photographer Dennis Hill, of Manly, N.S.W., whose wife was expecting her first baby, hoped to have news when he reached Birdsville, but he was still telephoning his home when he got to Cairns, Queensland.

The Australian Inland Mission Hospital became the temporary home for many of us, because the local hotel was full. In charge at the hospital

were Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Filmer. He is a male nurse and his wife a trained nursing-sister. They have been married only three months, and went to Birdsville to take charge of the eight-bed hospital.

Their other duties include using the radio transceiver to the Flying Doctor base. Helen Filmer, aged 24, conducts the "galah" session, when country women get on the transceiver and, after hearing the medical session, chatter to one another.

Ivor Filmer's job is receiver and sender of all telegrams, "in this case a marathon job," he said, having sent off innumerable Press messages and telegrams to wives and fiancées from trial competitors.

Helen Filmer, who, until her marriage, was not familiar with a fuel stove, was producing grilled steaks and fresh salads for her unexpected guests, as well as making countless cups of tea and baking scones.

Sitting round the table were competitors now out of the trial, and also Padre Robert Maitland, of the Burke and Wills Patrol of the Australian Inland Mission.

### Big circuit

He is away from Brisbane for eight months of the year, travelling through his circuit that stretches from Broken Hill in N.S.W. to the Gulf of Carpentaria. He calls at all station properties, drovers' camps, and road plants.

He drives a truck with a radio transmitter. This truck was parked outside the hospital as the padre helped Ivor Filmer transmit telegrams.

Birdsville, right in the corner of Queensland, has a memorial to the explorer Sturt in the main street, because on several expeditions he passed this way.



HELEN FRIZELL, who is travelling with the Press party covering the Ampol Trial, with owner-pilot Jim Hazelton (left) and clerk of the course Dave Bartlett, before flying another part of the route. Mr. Bartlett is responsible for the running of the trial.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg Lenaghan, of Belmont, N.S.W., whom I had met early on my arrival in Birdsville, were disappointed to be late at the control there, and so were out of the trial. They said the sump of their car had been torn.

They left Birdsville to drive home, met bad roads again, turned back, and flew down in the plane with me to Brisbane. Their car will go down the Birdsville Track again—this time on top of Tom Kruse's truck, then by rail to their home at Belmont.

Mrs. Lenaghan told me that after last year's Ampol Trial she felt tired and consulted a doctor, who said she was not ill but was expecting a baby.

The baby, Rosemary, is now awaiting her mother at their Belmont home.



HELP from another trial crew for Max Dunbier, aged 19, of Liverpool, N.S.W., and Tom Popple, of Casula, N.S.W., when their car became bogged in sand on the Birdsville Track, the "horror stretch" of the route.



LEFT: Youngest competitor Ronald Marks, aged 15, smiles as he stands with his father, David, beside their car, wrecked on the Bendigo-Wallan horror stretch. "Just our luck," said Ron.



RIGHT: Mrs. Elaine Lenaghan, of Belmont (N.S.W.), who is co-driver for her husband, Reg, in car No. 32. Mr. and Mrs. Lenaghan have contested two previous trials. They have two children.



# OUR IRISH FASHION PARADES



**LEFT: NOLA ROSE**, blond sophisticate, now one of the world's best-known models, is coming back to Australia for our Irish Fashion Parades. Nola is shown at home.

**ABOVE: MAURA BOYLAN**, a typical Irish beauty and Sybil Connolly's only resident model, is photographed in the garden of her father's home, "The Bawn," in Dublin.

## Romance in careers of our international models

● Every success story has elements of romance, but few careers have been as romantic as that of lovely Heather Jeffrey, one of the four international models coming to Australia next month to show famous designer Sybil Connolly's collection in our exciting Irish Fashion Parades.

**H**HEATHER'S career as a model began when, travelling to London by train, a dark stranger leaned forward and, without preliminaries, asked her if she was a model.

Heather, a trained nurse, told her she had always been interested in modelling but didn't know how to break into the profession.

The dark stranger turned out to be a very successful woman fashion artist who, by the time the train reached London, had mapped out a programme for Heather.

At Euston station she rang a model agency and arranged an appointment for Heather and sent her off to her own hairdresser.

"It was the kindest, most unbelievable thing that has ever happened to me," Heather says.

"Before I knew what had happened I was a model."

Today Heather is sought after in Paris, London, and Dublin.

She is "terribly excited" about her trip here. "On my way home through America I shall try to see Mexico, which, like Australia, has always intrigued me," she said.

### Where to see our Irish Fashion Parades

**SYDNEY:** David Jones, Ltd., Great Restaurant, Elizabeth Street store.

Gala Premiere: August 10 (preferential bookings now open by letter. Address applications to David Jones, mark envelopes "Irish Fashion Parades").

Daily Parades: August 12 to 21, 3.15, 6.30 p.m. Bookings open July 29 at Elizabeth Street store.

**BRISBANE:** Finney Isles.

Gala Premiere: August 23.

Daily Parades: Twice daily, August 26-29.

**MELBOURNE:** The Myer Emporium.

Gala Premiere: August 31.

Daily Parades: Sept. 2-11, 3.00, 7.45 p.m.

**ADELAIDE:** Charles Birks, Ltd.

Gala Premiere: Sept. 14.

Twice daily parades, Sept. 16-19.

Heather, a dreamy-eyed brunette, is accompanied by blond English girl Greta Grimshaw, Irish beauty Maura

Boylan, and Australia's own Nola Rose. They will be joined in the Commonwealth tour to be made by our Irish Fashion Parades by two Australian girls, Phoebe Macarthur Onslow and Margo McKendry.

Greta Grimshaw, blond English beauty, has two passions in life—racing and travel. She gave up riding in the Newmarket Handicap to come here.

The Newmarket is the only professional race in which women can ride in England.

"It's one of the hardest decisions I've ever made in my life," says Greta seriously. "I've been looking forward to riding in the Newmarket since I was a child—and this year at last I was ready."

"It's a great thrill, you see, because any women who are accepted for it know from the start they will be riding against professional men jockeys. It's the only time we get a chance to prove ourselves on the same grounds under the same conditions."

"But I'm so keen to go to Australia that I'm prepared to wait till next year for the race."

Greta, who comes from Froxfield, in Hampshire, owns





**ABOVE: HEATHER JEFFREY**, dreamy-eyed beauty, one of the four models from overseas who will appear in our Irish Fashion Parades. Heather is serene, imperturbable, slim as a willow, a sought-after model.

**RIGHT: GRETA GRIMSHAW**, a natural ash-blond, has sparkling blue eyes and an English-rose complexion. Her fragile beauty hides great stamina—she is a great sportswoman, and rides point to point.

her own racehorse, Lamont, and trains with him every weekend. She says that Lamont is her closest tie with Ireland, as he was bred in County Meath at the stables of Ballymagarvey House.

Now 26, Greta started modelling when she was 21 and is now one of London's top models and on permanent call for Dior, London, from whom she had to get special leave to come to Australia.

**Maura Boylan**, with rich auburn hair, big blue eyes, and a wide smile, would be picked as an Irish beauty wherever she went.

Daughter of one of Ireland's best-known businessmen, Maura is the eldest in the Boylan family of four.

Maura had no ambition to become a model until two and a half years ago. When she

left school she went to the University College of Dublin to study economics.

"I had done one year of Arts and decided to go on to Economics because I felt that it was part of everyday life and I should learn something about it," she said.

"I got through second year all right, but when it came to the third year I just couldn't make the grade.

"My father says it was because I didn't concentrate enough on my work and was too busy having a good time. I'm prepared to admit that he might be right. I love dancing and parties, and they were a bit hard to resist."

Maura says that she thinks Irish fathers are far more strict and Victorian in their attitude than any others. Even now (she is 23), Mr. Boylan

tries to insist that she is home from parties by midnight.

"But I'm afraid it seldom works out that way, and when it doesn't I always hear about it the next morning."

**Maura has never been so far away from home before, and she is very excited about the Australian trip.**

One of Australia's greatest assets in London and on the Continent is Nola Rose, whose natural charm, good grooming, and vivid personality are admired wherever she goes.

When she went to England from Australia nine years ago Nola was already a well-established model in her own country. It didn't take her long to build the same career in the much bigger field of London and Paris couture. Now among the top few, Nola is so popular with couturiers and photographers alike that

she has to refuse more jobs than she accepts.

Trips home mean a lot to Nola now that she has settled in London with her English husband, Antony Hunt, whom she married six years ago.

One of the most travelled models, Nola went to Moscow last year for the London Fashion Group and also to the International Fashion Show in Venice.

She does haute couture modelling in Paris at least twice a year, and London's most go-ahead designer, Michael, says that she has more than a lot to do with the success of his London shows.

Wherever one goes in the London fashion world as an Australian, people ask, "Do you know Nola Rose?" and then burst into peacocks of praise.





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## TELEVISION PARADE

"The Restless Sphere," the B.B.C.'s television show that ushered in the International Geophysical Year, was 75 minutes of absorbing entertainment. Science for the masses can be a bore, but at a cost of "about £20,000," and with the Duke of Edinburgh as compere, the B.B.C. did a splendid job.

THE I.G.Y. is a time of world-wide scientific study and research into the earth, the sea, and the sky. More than 10,000 scientists from 60 different nations are taking part in the programme.

Although it is called the International Geophysical "year," it actually lasts 18 months, from July 1, 1957, to December 31, 1958.

The B.B.C. film which marked its beginning was, as telecast in England, a clever combination of live and film sections in which, as newspaper headlines screamed, Prince Philip fluffed a cue when he introduced the Royal Observatory instead of a scientific station in Switzerland.

The Australian film version of the telecast, shown recently on all channels, had no fluff. As soon as the programme was finished Prince Philip made a new recording of his mis-cue for overseas distribution.

The telecast included films of vulcanologists at work inside the smoking crater of Mt. Vesuvius, glaciologists working on the Jungfraujoch in Switzerland, balloon launchings at Nairobi, weather flights over the Arctic, moon-watching in America, and, of course, rocket-launching at Woomera.

It was good to hear that nice Australian voice say, "I am Tom Cook and I work at the Woomera Rocket Launching Grounds," and eye-opening to see a bit of what's going on there.

Another piece I liked was the film of the African village where they're doing some complicated ionospheric research.

The kinky-haired, black-skinned scientist who explained what was being done said smilingly in careful, but wrongly accented, English, "This is taking place in 'dar-KEST Africa'."

There's no doubt about Prince Philip, he's a TV find. He was much better than in his tour telecast, "Round the World in 40 Minutes."

Undaunted by the cameras, he gave an almost off-the-cuff commentary that was distinguished by his obvious knowledge, interest, and absorption in the subject.

I should imagine that official tour telecasts from Prince Philip will become a new Royal tradition. I rather fancy one, "Inside Buckingham Palace," with everything in it from the kitchens to the presentation of debutantes.

"WHAT to wear when" is a subject most people are interested in. TV, except on odd occasions, reflects 1957's casual attitude towards dressing.

When broadcasting started some 25 years ago, the invisible announcers had to wear dinner suits for all after-dark



PRINCE PHILIP, photographed during the telecast of "The Restless Sphere," with the booms, microphones, lights, and cameras all trained on him. Behind the Duke is the master map, and to the right, partly obscured by a camera, is the six-foot glass globe of the world. The telecast shown in Australia will be shown in Russia. The commentary for a similar U.S. show was given by President Eisenhower.

sessions, but there's little formal dress worn by TV's male station announcers. Generally they wear lounge suits that are either mid-grey or mid-brown, with a pale blue or pale green shirt and tie.

Disallowed by all stations are loud checks or stripes in suit fabrics, and white shirts.

On Channel 9, even the clergy have to appear in a pale blue clerical collar.

These rules are made to appease the eccentric TV camera that sometimes photographs checks as stripes and all pale blues and greens as

Like "Man and the Moon," one of the best hours of TV entertainment I've seen, it is described by Disney as a "science-factual."

The atom's story was written and told by leading research scientist Dr. Heinz Haber. It is a combination of live-action and cartoon sequences reviewing the march of atomic science.

"FIND THE LINK," Channel 2, ABN's panel show on Fridays at 9 p.m., is not brilliant, but its honesty makes it interesting.

Like most panel shows, there is a guest celebrity with a secret ambition to be someone else, and the panel tries to guess who he'd like to be.

It is such a relief to get honest answers—or as honest as people are prepared to be; and to hear ambitions that sometimes logically tie up with the person interviewed.

The Lord Mayor, Mr. Jensen, said he'd like to be Lachlan Macquarie, an early Governor, because he was a great builder and planner, and Frank Clune, that tireless traveller and author, named John King, the only survivor of the 1861 Burke and Wills expedition.

Here's a quiz for you if you have a spare moment. Who would these people like to be? 1. Cartoonist Emile Mercier; 2. Musician Valda Aveling; 3. Sculptor Lyndon Dadswell; 4. Singer Virginia Paris; 5. Journalist Dorothy Jenner (Andrea); 6. Swimmer Murray Rose.

Here are the answers: 1. Himself; 2. The world's best cook; 3. Leonardo da Vinci; 4. Marian Anderson; 5. Gertrude Ederle, the first girl to swim the English Channel; 6. The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

By  
**NAN MUSGROVE**

white. Stark blacks and whites are not becomingly photographed by the TV camera.

What actually happens on all channels is that, bearing the TV camera in mind, dressing is left to the discrimination of the people concerned.

Everyone has a different idea. Channel 9, TCN insists on a dinner-jacket for news readers, but all channels have compères or station stars who sometimes treat their show as an occasion for evening dress.

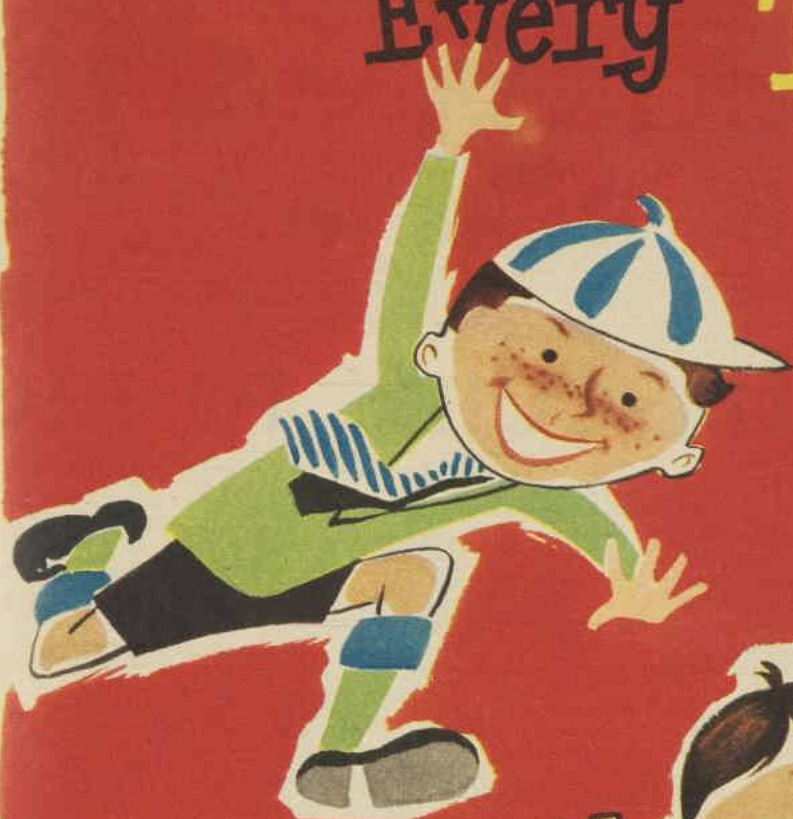
Incidentally, Prince Philip, for his 9 p.m. I.G.Y. job, wore a light grey lounge suit and a striped tie knotted very thin and tight.

CHANNEL 9, TCN's Disneyland is head and shoulders over all other shows for family entertainment.

The programme for Monday night, July 22, at 7.30 is "Our Friend the Atom."



Every TOM



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& HARRY



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GOLDEN GIRL . . . Penny Weekes, of Mosman, N.S.W., needing only the sun's spotlight to flatter pearly skin, pretty neck and arms. Just 16, Penny is a true Australian beauty-in-the-making, her skin knows only the gentle care of Rexona Soap.



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BUTCH



"Whenever a note looks too new, I say, 'I just made it.' People think that's quite a joke."

MOTHER



"We'd better hide Mum's new hat till after we've asked if we can keep the pup."

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

JUST before the rains came last week it looked as if Sydney's winter would emulate the English summer and last for two days only.

For no sooner had the cold weather hit the city than some of the big stores turned on spring shows.

Looking for a little cheer-up on the wettest of last week's wet days I went into one big showroom to have a preview of spring. But—"We put them away," a saleswoman told me. "People kept dripping their raincoats and umbrellas all over them, and in this weather nobody wanted to buy spring things."

This is interesting, because it shows that though the shops put their seasonal goods out earlier and earlier each year there is evidently a limit. Obviously the beginning of winter is a little too soon for spring.

★ ★ ★

MONEY is a wonderful thing, and don't ever let anyone tell you the contrary.

Prince Feisal Al Saud, Crown Prince and Prime Minister of Saudi Arabia, recently arrived in New York for medical treatment of stomach ulcers. He has been living on a bland diet of caviare and milk.

Even hearing about an ordinary ulcer diet is dreary. The thought of actually eating those rice puddings and mush is quite shocking to a confirmed olive-and-gherkin addict. But caviare—now that's another thing.

The same advantage would operate if the rich young Crown Prince were on a reducing diet. All the nicest low-calorie food is expensive—oysters, lobsters, and asparagus, for instance.

★ ★ ★

THIS week's remark which could have been more felicitously phrased:

"Speaking with some emotion," says a report from Washington, "President Eisenhower said the United States was interested in smaller, not larger, bombs."

★ ★ ★

PUBLICITY pictures of actresses always sacrifice realism to the picturesque, and nobody complains. However, a recent shot of Italian actress Silvana Pampanini goes a little far.

Miss Pampanini is shown with a fish which, according to the caption, she had just speared. She is holding it on the point of a spear just under her chin.

The fish, which resembles a small groper, has a specially ugly face, and its proximity to Miss Pampanini's face is doubtless intended as a contrast.

She is wearing a strapless spotted bathing suit and a string of pearls which one assumes she collected from some handy oysters while spear-fishing.

All this took place while Miss Pampanini was holidaying in Venice. Slipped overside from a gondola in the Grand Canal, no doubt.

DISCUSSING the increasing popularity of espresso-coffee bars, a Sydney cafe proprietor told a daily newspaper recently that one of the main essentials in running a successful restaurant was to have "a good flexible decor."

That is sound advice. Many an owner of a mock-Tudor establishment has looked gloomily on his dark oak and considered the expense entailed in altering it to the current colored walls and tortured chromium lampshades. The wisest designers have been those who foresaw changing fashions, whose walls lent themselves to Spanish and Mexican decor, and who could wipe the whole lot out with a coat of paint.

Which reminds me, a colleague looked up absentmindedly from her desk one day last week and said, "Whatever happened to gum tips?"

Nature being what it is, gum tips continue to appear regularly on gum trees, but it was the cafe trade that killed them as indoor decoration.

There was a time when a bunch of gum tips and iceland poppies graced most of the sitting-rooms in the land. Then they appeared on cafe tables—usually three gum sprigs and four poppies, sitting precariously in a vase in the middle and shoved aside by female tea drinkers who wished to gossip, or young lovers who wanted to gaze into each other's eyes.

Finally they were pushed right out of the picture, but not before they had become indelibly associated with weak tea and indifferent sandwiches.

★ ★ ★

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned an advertisement for a comptometer operator which carried the bait of a job for a husband.

A Victorian reader has since sent me a cutting from the "Geelong Advertiser" which runs, "Vacancy exists for clerk-typiste, house available if married. Also work for husband."

The reader tells me that this advertisement had appeared several times. Evidently clerk-typistes with movable husbands are scarce.

★ ★ ★

WORLD-WIDE research had confirmed that differences existed between apparently similar sheep, Professor John Evans, the new Professor of Physiology at the New England University, told reporters last week.

*Sheep may lightly phrase  
Some allied point of view  
When studying the ways  
Of people in a queue.  
"Poor things" (with shaking head)  
Remarks a thoughtful ewe,  
"And yet, you know, 'tis said  
That humans differ, too."*



# RABBI'S DAUGHTER WEDS U.S. RABBI



COLORFUL scene in Sydney's Great Synagogue during the wedding of Rabbi Bertram Mond to Judith Porush.

AT Sydney's Great Synagogue on a recent Sunday, Dr. Israel Porush, Chief Rabbi of Sydney, became the first rabbi in New South Wales to officiate at his daughter's wedding to another rabbi.

His daughter Judith married Rabbi Bertram Mond, of New York, and more than 1400 members of Sydney's Jewish Community attended, on an open invitation from Dr. Porush.

The bride met her husband in Paris in 1955, when she was holidaying and he was attending a conference as a chaplain with the U.S. Air Force in Germany.

They became engaged 16 months later, and last year Judith went to America on the last stage of her two-year working trip abroad. Six months after her arrival there, Rabbi Mond was discharged from the Air Force and flew from Germany to meet her.

During the colorful wedding ceremony, sung and chanted in Hebrew, the couple drank twice from a wineglass, which was smashed after the ring had been placed on the bride's finger.

This is an old Hebrew custom which symbolises the bride and groom sharing a new life together. The glass is smashed because it is written in the ancient Talmud that "no joy is perfect."



ABOVE: Leaving the Great Synagogue after their wedding are Rabbi and Mrs. Bertram Mond. With them are the bride's sister, Naomi Porush, bridesmaid; Leon Smith, best man; Evelyn Strauss and Adrienne Kuther, flower-girls; Gary Modell, page-boy.

LEFT: Dr. and Mrs. Israel Porush with their daughter and her husband, who will live in Sunbury, Pennsylvania, after honeymooning in Hawaii.

RIGHT: After her wedding to Rabbi Mond, the bride chats with her 90-year-old grandmother, Mrs. M. Link.



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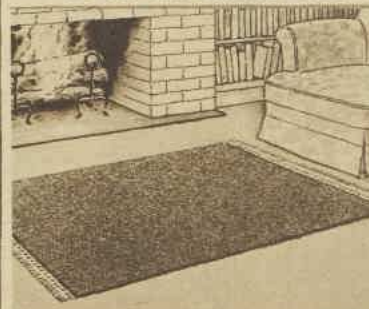
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Rugle-Twist: Ideal choice for hallways, foot of stairs. Dense, hard twist gives them a delightfully springy feeling to the touch. Non-skid backing. In a sparkling array of harmonising colours. From £4/14/3.

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ABOVE: Barry Abbot escorts his sister, Jean, up the steps of St. Mark's, Darling Point, for her wedding to Glenn Radford. Barry flew from London specially to give the bride away. The bridesmaids are Janice Fuller (left) and Janet Venn-Brown. INSET: Newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Radford leave the church.



GOVERNOR-DESIGNATE. Lieut-General E. W. Woodward, G.O.C. Eastern Command, with Mrs. Woodward and their daughter, Judy, at Victoria Barracks. Lieut-General Woodward will be the next Governor of New South Wales.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**WEDDING-BELLS** will soon be ringing out for two pretty girls, Kay Robinson and Wendy Peters, who have both chosen August weddings.

Kay marries Geoffrey Ritchie, of "Delatite," Mansfield, Victoria, at St. Michael's, Vauchuse, on August 17. She is the daughter of Mrs. H. R. Robinson, of "Cumalong," Dubbo, and the late Mr. Robinson, and will be given away by her brother David.

Twin sister Jay will be a bridesmaid, and another brother, Roger, will be groomsman.

Wendy and her fiancé, "Mick" Bowman, of "Grubalang," Singleton, have chosen All Saints' Church, Woollahra, for their wedding on August 21. Wendy is the eldest daughter of the John Peters, of Lindfield.

Three bridesmaids—Robin Peters, Elizabeth Widdis, of "Wee Warrah," Willow Tree, and Prue Grancy—will attend the bride with two tiny flower-girls, Sally Mackay, of "Morven Park," Running Stream, and Jane Mackay, of "Tabbill," Dungog.

**MELBOURNE** couple Sarah and Bailieu Myer, of Toorak, are the envy of all their friends . . . they're on a month's trip to Tahiti, Noumea, Samoa, Tonga, and other Pacific islands.

**GIRL** of the week was Olympic gold medallist Fleur Mellor, who chose a ruched turquoise ballerina when she celebrated her twenty-first birthday with a gay party for more than a hundred young friends.

**LOTS** of welcome-home parties are lined up for Margaret Bolger, of "Clover Hill," Young, when she arrives home in Stratheden on July 30 after eighteen months touring England and Europe.

**DARK-HAIRED** Diana Field has a pretty new hairdo . . . hair parted in the centre and drawn forward over the ears in two soft puffs.

**A NEW** house will be built on the Frank Herberts' property, "Fairfield," Eugowra, and their son Don and his bride will live there after their wedding. Don is engaged to attractive Joan Wilkinson, of Wollstonecraft, youngest daughter of Mrs. D. L. Wilkinson, of "Mount Pleasant," Cooma, and the late Mr. Wilkinson.

**CONGRATULATIONS** to New Zealanders Margaret Lynch and Donovan Smith, who have announced their engagement. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lynch, of Marton, North Island, and her fiancé comes from Rata.

**DATES** for your diary . . . Wednesday, July 17, for the formal dinner-party arranged by the younger set of the International Ball committee. Flags from all countries will decorate the Pickwick Club for the party . . . July 25 for a musicale at the Town Hall in aid of the Lady Mayoress' Relief Fund.

**LETTERS** from France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Germany, and Sweden have been arriving from Judy Capps, of "Boori," Mendocoran, who has been touring the Continent by car. In Norway Judy was very thrilled to meet Joern Utzon, who won the world-wide competition for the Sydney Opera House. After the presentation party at Buckingham Palace on July 18, Judy plans to return home via the United States.



**WED AT ALL SAINTS'.** Trevor Potts and his bride, the former Ann Dunlop, leave All Saints' Church, Woollahra. Ann is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlop, and Trevor is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Potts, of Westerham, Kent, England. They will live at Edgecliff.



**ROMANTIC INTEREST.** Suzanne Bennett, of Rose Bay, who has announced her engagement to Russell Knowles, of Brisbane, with her brother, Bain, and his fiancée, Judy Ann Clark, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Clark.

**NICHOLAS MARSDEN HORDERN** was christened recently in England on the fourth wedding anniversary of his parents, Lesley and Marsden Horder, who are living in Middlesex. Nicholas is three months old and was christened by his grandfather, the Rev. Hugh Horder, of Warrarac, who is on a visit to England.

**BRIEFLY . . .** After a holiday at Surfers' Paradise, John and Elaine Hill will make their home at Wollstonecraft. They were married recently at St. Phillip's, Church Hill . . . Mrs. Hill was formerly Mrs. Elaine Gaden, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George E. P. Hart.

Anne



**INTERSTATE INTEREST.** Mary Hicks, of Mount Pleasant, South Australia, with her fiancé, Sgt. Jerry Sebastian, R.A.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sebastian, of Wodonga, Victoria. Mary is nursing at the R.A.A.F. Station, Richmond.



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## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Weddings and wedding receptions are events that always threaten to get out of hand. When daughters marry, parents have to take a firm stand about expenses or they are left financially crippled for years.

PARENTS' firmness can actually be a great help for the bride-to-be. She can simply refer all questions about guest lists and the type of reception to her parents and neatly sidestep difficulties from in-laws.

Here is a letter from a worried bride-to-be.

"IN six months' time I am being married to a fellow who comes from a well-to-do family. As his parents are very well known they have quite a large list of wedding invitations, though most of them consist of business acquaintances who, they assure me, must be invited.

"My problem is: At the moment our list totals almost 200 guests. As my parents are only fairly well off and also have two more daughters to be married within the next three or four years, I was wondering what kind of reception we could have. Would you be able to give me a menu that wouldn't run out too much, but would be quite up to expectations?"  
F.B., Qld.

I think there is only one solution to this dreadful situation, and that is an elopement — then both parents can give you a reception when you return.

Wedding receptions are always full of difficulties. I think the only thing to do is for your parents to announce that you are having a "family" wedding and they have limited the guest list to 50 people, which will surely cover the close family on both sides.

I feel quite strongly about wedding receptions. I don't think they should be a function at which business acquaintances, casual friends, and every relative from immediate to third cousin twice removed are invited. Apart from the big expense involved I think it is a shame to turn what should be a family celebration into a super-colossal



## A word from Debbie . . .

● Want to serve yesterday's scones and get top marks as a hostess? Here's how: Split them and spread them with a thick layer of chopped dates, golden syrup, and a pinch of ground ginger. Heat gently until the dates soften. Serve immediately.

Another lush dish is cheese sandwiches fried both sides in butter and served with crisp bacon rolls.

If you like eggs fancied up—and remember before you use this hint that many people don't—add celery, asparagus, or mushroom soup instead of milk when you are making scrambled eggs.

public show that cripples the finances and is never as much fun as something smaller and quieter.

"I AM 15 and have been going steady with a boy for five months, but lately I haven't seen him. My parents don't seem to like him and are trying to push me on to another boy whom I don't like very well. I have tried to forget him, but I can't. I love him. Please tell me what to do."

"Downhearted," Qld.

It doesn't matter how much you love him if he doesn't want to see you, and obviously he doesn't. This is a hard lesson to learn at 15, but probably the younger you are when you learn it, the better.

Why don't you just enjoy yourself for a while without getting serious about boys? You have much more fun if you don't consider every boy you meet as a possible husband.

"I AM 16 and very fond of a boy whom my parents forbid me to go out with because two years ago he got into trouble over a small matter with the police. In one way I can understand them not wanting me to keep his company, but I do think everyone deserves a chance to change. Whenever he asks me out I hate to say, 'No, Mum and Dad won't let me,' and the only way I can see him is in my lunch hour or behind their backs, which

we both hate doing. He keeps asking why they disapprove of him, but I just can't tell him. At the age of 16, can they forbid me to go out with him if I want to? I don't want to go against my parents' wishes, but I will be 17 in a few months, and I feel I should be allowed to pick my own company."

J.D., N.S.W.

You will have to do exactly as your parents wish until you are 21, and, of course, the company you keep is something parents watch very closely. They have to, because they probably realise the truth in that old saying that you can judge a person by the friends he keeps.

I think there is only one thing for you to do, and that is to be quite honest with this boy—tell him your parents have forbidden you to see him. Actually, I think the solution is in his hands. He should see your parents and ask their permission to take you out if he can convince them that he is trying to change his ways. And unless he can do this he's not much use to you as a friend, is he?

I think you should talk to your parents first, tell them the exact situation, and ask them to agree to talk to the boy if he will agree to approach them. There's no happiness for you in a relationship of which your parents do not approve.

## \*\*\*\*\* DISC DIGEST \*\*\*\*\*

IN common with most record collectors, I'm greedy. I like a lot for my money, provided it's the music I enjoy, played efficiently by good performers. One new LP fills the bill to my complete satisfaction. It's a fulsome feast of Ravel's music, and the artists are violinist Zino Francescatti and pianist Artur Schnabel. This record (KLC.540) is a welcome change after the wearisome round of discs containing this composer's "Bolero" and "Pavane For a Dead Infanta."

The principal work of the five on the record is Sonata for Violin and Piano. Although it was published 30 years ago, it is still strikingly modern. Its angular rhythms

and slightly acid tone are reminiscent of his Piano Concerto in G. The sonata illustrates Ravel's belief that the piano and violin are essentially incompatible instruments, and instead of trying to blend them he boldly sets them one against the other. The result is stimulating.

The very epitome of Ravel's style can be heard in "Piece en forme d'Habanera," one of the loveliest of his compositions. It is followed by the exciting "Tzigane," a small-scale Hungarian rhapsody which, for the record collector, is always associated with the name of the late Ginette Neveu, who used to play it to her brother's piano accompaniment.

"Kaddish" was originally a song, one of the two Hebraic melodies which Ravel wrote in 1914 and dedicated to that great artist Madeleine Grey. It was later orchestrated, and eventually successfully transcribed for violin and piano, but here the two instruments converge to produce some sombre and beautiful music. The final band is taken up by "Berceuse," dedicated to Gabriel Faure, who was Ravel's last teacher, making a fitting conclusion to a disc which supplements the already issued Walter Gieseking recording of the complete piano works of Maurice Ravel.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.





—Picture by Mr. Graham Pirzey, Victoria.

**These are Australian:**

## Tasmanian Devil

● Now restricted to Tasmania, this marsupial, the Tasmanian Devil (*Sarcophilus harrisii*), formerly inhabited the southern part of the mainland, as fossil remains show. It is a fierce little animal about the size of a fox-terrier, has a whining, snarling voice, and eats frogs, snakes, lizards, small animals, large insects, and old flesh. Nocturnal in habit, it sleeps away the day in hollow logs or cavities among tree-roots, where it makes a comfortable bed of bark, grass, and leaves.

—Picture (right) by Dr. Allen Keast, Sydney.





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LET'S Tablets, 8/6 a bottle.

## Letters from our Readers

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

AS the number of bicycles on our roads increases, I think it would be a good idea if we adopted a plan now in force in Oslo, Norway. There, children with bicycles have to pass three tests on cycling and traffic rules. If successful they are given a licence card showing their photograph which they carry every time they go cycling. If a policeman or schoolteacher sees a child breaking traffic regulations he cuts off one corner of the licence card. Anyone who loses all four corners is disqualified from cycling until he or she has passed the tests again. I think this would work wonders on Australian roads and might prevent some accidents.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Fraser, 63 Denison St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

TODAY'S teenagers aren't nearly as black as they're painted. I've found it hard to manage my young baby and pram in crowded stores and streets, and it's nearly always been teenagers who have helped me up stairs, held open doors, retrieved rattles, and so on. As I've always thought these unusually dressed teenagers were budding delinquents without any idea of manners, I'd like to apologise to them. Underneath their new and extraordinary way of dressing they are as good as, if not better than, the "quiet" younger set of my own teenage years.

10/6 to "Sorry Adult" (name supplied), Collie, W.A.

PEOPLE these days seem so busy entertaining themselves by rushing off to see films, watching television, or looking for some other form of ready-made amusement that the art of entertaining friends at home is almost a thing of the past. I think this is a great pity. Much pleasure can be gained in having friends visit you and in making sure they enjoy themselves, but how often we hear the grumble that someone can't see a film or do something she wanted to because visitors are expected.

10/6 to "Joanne" (name supplied), Manly, Brisbane.

RECENTLY I attended an important ball in a local district and was disgusted to find several men dressed in sports suits and open-necked shirts. Some women even wore tight skirts and sweaters. To make it worse, these types rocked-n-rolled in the middle of the dance floor, leaving little room for others to dance comfortably. I think it is high time people who don't dress and behave properly were banned from ballrooms, for a ball should be a dignified affair, not a chaotic scramble.

10/6 to "J. McG." (name supplied), Lang Lang, Vic.

CAN anyone tell me what sense there is in having most mottoes on crests and pennants for schools, warships, lodges, and the like, written in Latin? It seems to me it would be much more sensible if these were translated into English, so that the lowbrows could understand and appreciate their meaning just as well as the highbrows.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Gall, Campbell Town, Tasmania.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### An age-old question

WITH interest I read Mrs. Coman's letter (3/7/57) about the general curiosity shown in a woman's age. Age is important only when applied to wines or antiques. If a person has charm, is interesting, and good to look at, then surely the number of birthdays which have come and gone can't be very important. My father is in his 91st year, but his keen sense of humor and refusal to be upset over trifles justify the remarks that he looks 20 years younger.

10/6 to Mrs. Enid Moses, 49 George St., Windsor, N.S.W.

### Cheer for shift-work

IN reply to "Carmel" (3/7/57), who bemoaned the fate of being married to a shift-worker, here's a word from a happy "shift-work widow." My husband works rotating round-the-clock shifts and our household has quite adapted itself to his hours. We like the evening shift, from 3 to 11, as this allows time during the day for outings, gardening, and spending time together with our two pre-school-age children. Anyway, my husband prefers shift-work to a 9-to-5 routine, so that is the main thing to me. I'm sure many other shift-workers' wives have become used to their lives and wouldn't like to change them.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Glennon, 20 Eileen St., Glenroy, Vic.

### Family Affairs

WHEN my three-year-old daughter was going through the only-too-usual phase of refusing her lunch, I solved the problem by making use of her desire to imitate her big brother. Every morning when I cut Richard's school lunch I prepared a similar one for Mary. Her package went into the refrigerator in a plastic bag, and at lunchtime she was only too happy to take the sandwiches and fruit into the backyard, where she would eat them sitting under a tree, "just like they do at school."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Mackenzie, Mooroodu Rd., Thorneside, Cleveland Line, Qld.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

THE newspapers and radio give lots of helpful hints to people who have cars.

There are tips on how to find the keys, how to trick repossessors, and so on.

But they never offer advice to people like me who haven't got cars.

We have problems, too—for instance, how to deal with creepers. Creepers are those drivers who stop at an intersection, then start to creep forward before they get the signal to go.

If a pedestrian hesitates, the creeper will prevent him from getting across.

One thing to do is to stop right in front of the creeper and glare at him. But it takes nerve.

Another trouble of the Carless Ones is being given lifts.

These can be a mixed blessing.

Where I live, north of Sydney Harbor, the quickest way to get to town is by train.

Sometimes a kind friend gives me a lift in his car.

### SHANKS' PONY

It means we get stuck in the Bridge traffic queue and I'm late for work.

A car-owner, of course, loves his car. He thinks everyone should be glad to have a ride in it.

He gets hurt if you refuse, say-



ing to him: "Thanks, but I'm in too much of a hurry."

What I usually do is duck into a lane or somewhere if a friend with a car is approaching.

Last week Cec McGoon spotted me dodging behind a tree and gave me a lift into town.

It was not a restful trip.

Cec is one of those motorists who hate all other motorists.

On the way he kept muttering: "See how that feller cut in? . . . He ought to be in gaol! . . . Come on, make up your mind . . ." etc.

When I got out in town, ten minutes late, I thanked Cec for the lift.

"It's a pleasure," he said. He drove off convinced he had done me a good turn.

But I suppose I was lucky.

A friend of mine accepted a lift home from a party, and he spent two months in hospital.

A minor problem of the Carless Ones is what to do when people talk about cars.

One of them may turn to you and ask: "Do you like this new fancy petrol?"

My advice is to change the subject lightly. Say: "I never touch it—I use shoes."

Then tell them something, not too technical, about the performance of your footwear.



# Death Wore Green

A complete short story

By VICTOR CANNING

## FICTION SECTION

**T**HERE are some people, kind, honest, and goodhearted, who seem to have no luck in life at all. Joe Barker was like that. He was a decent, unassuming Londoner of 25, with sandy hair, blue eyes, a square, pleasant mouth, and a firm conviction that nothing would ever go right for him.

No matter how hard he tried, he never seemed to keep a job long; and no matter how nice and polite he was to them he never seemed to keep a girl long. This last worried him because at heart he was longing to be a family man, and to have a home of his own. One way and another he was always getting into trouble, or doing or saying the wrong thing. In the end he got quite used to it, and was no longer surprised at his misfortunes.

It was no surprise to him, therefore, when he fell overboard from the s.s. Baroda, five days out of Manila, somewhere in the Pacific Ocean.

Joe had gotten a job aboard as a cook. Clearing up his galley late one night, he came on deck with a can of garbage, walked aft to the stern where a section of the guard rail had been taken out, and pitched the rubbish overboard. It was a fine night, ablaze with stars, and Joe put the can down and lit a cigarette.

Then, as he turned to bend down and pick up the can and go back to his galley, his foot slipped on some potato peelings that had spilled on the deck. The next minute he was overboard—as clean as a whistle, and with no time to shout, and the splash he made was lost in the streaming wake from the s.s. Baroda's screws.

By the time he came to the surface, cleared his mouth of salt water, and began to shout, his ship was two hundred yards ahead; not a soul heard him. Joe trod water, and watched the lights of his ship fade away into the darkness. He knew that it would be early the next morning before he was missed, and, knowing what his luck was like, he guessed that they would never find him.

He was wearing a shirt and drill trousers and was barefooted. The only thing of value he had on him was a waterproof wristwatch which he had bought in Manila, and of which he was very proud. He kept looking at the luminous dial of this to see how the time was going, and it seemed to go very slowly indeed.

Long before dawn came Joe knew that he was getting very tired and couldn't last much longer. He made gentle little movements of his hands to keep himself afloat, and he thought of the wife and kids he would now never have, of the little business he would now never start, and he tried to figure out just who would really miss him and couldn't think of a soul.

Some time towards dawn he began to go a bit fuzzy in the head, and kept imagining he could hear noises, voices calling and sounds of boats passing, but even in his exhausted state he had enough sense to know that it was only his fancy. Just as the sun edged above the far horizon and spread the sea with a silver and gold sparkle of light, Joe lost consciousness.

When he came round he felt for a moment that the whole thing had been a dream which was still going on. He was lying on his back on a beach and feeling very ill. The sun,

high in the sky now, was baking his clothes dry. Over his head palm trees tossed their spear leaves in a gentle wind, and distantly he could hear the noise of waves breaking over some reef.

Crowding around him were six native girls. They were jabbering away among themselves, highly excited, and sometimes touching him as though they weren't really convinced that he existed. As for Joe, he was considerably embarrassed. The girls were as beautiful a bunch as he had seen in his life, but their idea of dress seemed to be a grass skirt, a floral band, and a few hibiscus flowers stuck in their hair.

Joe blushed and shut his eyes. He felt himself propped up by a soft arm, and a drinking-shell was pressed against his lips. He opened his eyes and drank, and the girls nodded and clapped their hands approvingly.

The one who was propping him up had a much lighter skin than the others. She smiled at him, wrinkled her pretty

To page 38.



Joe woke up to find himself surrounded by six beautiful and highly excited native girls.



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Check these reasons why . . .

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Restores natural lustre to all silver

# THE SCAPEGOAT

Fourth instalment of our serial

By **DAPHNE DU MAURIER**

IN spite of many stupid actions on my part I am relieved to see that no one in the chateau suspects that I, the Englishman JOHN, am pretending to be JEAN DE GUE, the French aristocrat whom I met on my way back to England. Already I have come to be sorry for his family and for the workmen in the de Gue glass foundry who will lose their livelihood if the contract with the Carvalet firm in Paris is not renewed.

My telephone call to Paris was overheard and a chance remark from the ten-year-old daughter, MARIE-NOEL, told me it was BLANCHE, the sister who hates Jean, who listened in to the call. Marie-Noel also opened the parcel marked B, which I had thought was for Blanche, and found perfume addressed "For my beautiful Bela."

With RENEE, the sister-in-law, wife of PAUL, and Marie-Noel I drove into the town of Villars to go to the bank to learn details of Jean's financial position. Marie-Noel had some broken porcelain figures which belong to her mother, FRANCOISE. The child told me she would take them to the shop near the Porte de Ville and would meet me at the bank. In the family vault I found Francoise's marriage contract, which explained why she was so anxious that the child she was expecting should be a son. The income from the large trust fund left by her father can be used by her and Jean during a son's minority, but if there is no male heir it cannot be touched until she is fifty. In the event of her death it can be shared by husband and daughter.

I went to look for the shop to see if Marie-Noel had left the figures and found there a blond woman who greeted me warmly and obviously expected me. I discovered she was the BELA for whom Jean had bought the perfume. I lunched with her and for the first time felt I was with someone who understood me and with whom the masquerade ceased to be distasteful. NOW READ ON:

WHEN I came away from Bela's house the sun of late afternoon had turned all the lichen-colored roofs to gold. Boys and girls carrying satchels and school-books ran out of the house next door and crossed the canal by another footbridge. Shutters had been flung back and doors were open in the shopping street within. In the avenue of plane trees, close to the market-place, beside which lorries and carts had parked during the bustle of morning, old men and women now sat about in groups, basking in the warmth before the air turned chill, while smaller children, chattering like birds, shuffled the falling leaves and kicked the dust. I wondered how it would look at nightfall, this town of Villars, turning early to sleep and silence like all provincial market-towns.

It was the sort of town that in the past had tempted me to pass a night en route. Having dined, no wayfarer but myself left in the street, I used to wander past the silent houses whose shuttered windows told me nothing, only now and again a glimmer of light through the chinks betraying the life within.

I would prow! alone in company with hungry cats, who, sleek and stealthy, nosed the gutters of the cobbled street. How casually I would have passed that Porte de Ville, stared down into the canal, glimpsed the footbridge and the small house tucked in beyond, and so returned to my tourist's bed and been off by morning, none the wiser. Whereas now, in another mood, my whole life changed, some part of Villars was my possession.

The light of the late day gave warmth and color; this was a friendly town where people smiled. The Renault, waiting in the Place de la Republique, was suddenly familiar as my own, and Marie-Noel's white plastic bag, left on the seat where she had thrown it with the market purchases, was not like any object in a stranger's car, but full of meaning: I saw it dangling on the small wrist above the short white cotton glove.

Even the bank at the corner had its own place and purpose in the background, Villars was a citadel, a refuge; and as I drove out of it I wondered why the gift of another man's mistress should prove such a curious antidote for strain. It seemed to me that nothing would move me now, neither tears from Francoise nor tantrums from Renee. The mother could be coaxed with affection, the child indulged to a limit set by reason, the brother pacified, the sister soothed; none of them seemed a problem, as they had done during those first forty-eight hours under the chateau roof.

I remembered the correct turnings to St. Gilles, and as I drove down the lime avenue, over the bridge, through the gateway to the drive, and under the archway of the moat

to the outbuildings that I had only seen from a distance my confidence was supreme. Nothing could daunt me now. I found myself in a yard containing two garages with doors flung wide, a potting-shed, and an empty stable full of broken stalls. As I got out of the car and slammed the door the old woman I had spoken to in the cow-shed the day before emerged from the entrance, and I heard her call over her shoulder to someone within.

She said something about "Monsieur le Comte," and a man in blue overalls followed her from the stables. They smiled and came towards me, and the man asked whether I wanted him to wash the car. I told him yes, for this was probably routine, and once again the woman pattered a string of incomprehensibilities, and I smiled and nodded, catching a reference to "beau temps" and "la chasse," the rest escaping me.

I went back under the archway, and the retriever ran forward in his enclosure, barking. I stood still, calling him softly by name, but, doubtful, he continued barking, his tail wagging uncertainly at the same time, and I went to the gate of his run and waited for him to smell my clothes. He sniffed, puzzled, not satisfied, and I saw the man in overalls watching from the stable-yard.

"What's the matter with Cesar?" he said.

"Nothing," I answered. "I must have startled him, that's all."

"It's funny," he said. "He generally goes nearly mad when he sees you. Let's hope he's not turning savage."

"He's all right," I said. "Aren't you, Cesar?"

I reached through the gate and patted the dog's head, who, gradually reconciled to tone and touch, was mute and continued sniffing. But when I moved away he began to growl again.

"If he behaves like that on Sunday he won't be much use to you," said the man. "Shall I give him a dose of oil after his food?"

"No," I said. "Let him alone. He'll soon recover."

I wondered what was expected of the dog on Sunday. Perhaps if I took him myself for exercise he would come to know me, and the suspicious bark give way to whines of welcome? If not, attention would be drawn to him, his behaviour questioned, the poor animal accused of treachery towards his master, when in reality he had proved himself to be the only instinctive creature in St. Gilles.

I went up the steps to the terrace, and as I entered the hall Paul came out of the small cloakroom to the right of the stairs.

"Where the devil have you been all day?" he asked. "We've been trying to get you since one o'clock. Renee lost all sight of you, had to come back in a hired car, and then, to our astonishment, Marie-Noel turned up alone as we were finishing lunch, announcing quite calmly that she'd had a lift in the lorry. Lebrun waited until two, and then had to go. He's just been through to me again."

"What's wrong?" I inquired.

"What's wrong?" he repeated. "Only that Francoise isn't at all well, and Lebrun has forbidden her to move from bed. If she isn't careful she'll have a premature baby and lose it, and more than likely be critically ill herself. That's all that's wrong."

The contempt in his voice was something I had to accept. The fault was not Jean de Gue's, but mine. I had promised







At Dr. Lebrun's direction Blanche took my injured hand and calmly began to arrange the bandage.

to be back in time to see the doctor. I had not kept the promise. I had not even remembered it.

"What's his number?" I asked. "I'll get on to him at once."

"No use," he said. "He's been called out again. I told him to try you later this evening."

He turned on his heel and disappeared through the dining-room into the library. He was not going to question me further. For that I was grateful. I knew what I had to do. I went straight upstairs and along the corridor to the bedroom. The curtains were half drawn, the fire had been lit, and there was a screen at the foot of the bed to mask the light. Francoise was lying against her pillows with closed eyes. She opened them as I came into the room.

"Oh, it's you," she said, "at last. I'd given you up long ago. I told them you'd probably taken the train back to Paris."

The voice was flat, expressionless. I went up to the bed and took her hand.

"I should have telephoned," I said. "I was held up in Villars, and frankly I forgot. There's no more to it than that. I don't even ask you to forgive me. How are you feeling? Paul tells me Lebrun has ordered you to stay in bed."

The hand in mine felt limp and cold. She did not take it away.

"If I don't I shall lose the baby," she said. "It's what I've been afraid of all along. I've always known something would go wrong."

"It won't go wrong," I said; "not if you take care. The question is, how good is Lebrun? Wouldn't you like me to call in a specialist?"

"No," she said. "I don't want a stranger interfering at this point, upsetting me, upsetting Lebrun. I shall be all right as long as I stay quiet and nobody worries me. What with Marie-Noel coming back on the workmen's lorry and Renee having to hire a car because you disappeared, I've been almost frantic with anxiety. And then, in the middle of the afternoon, I decided that I might as well give up and resign myself to the fact that you wouldn't be coming back—that you'd got rid of them both on purpose and had gone off to Paris."

The tired eyes searched my face, and I knew that the only answer was to keep as near to the truth as possible.

"I had a long session at the bank," I said. "I don't mind telling you, but I don't want the others to know. The fact is, I lied about the contract. I didn't succeed in getting an extension when I was in Paris, and only managed to arrange things by telephone, and through the bank, today. They've agreed to continue the contract, but on their terms. It means the foundry working at an even greater loss than before, of course, but it can't be helped. Somehow I shall have to find the money."

She looked bewildered, and I went on standing there holding her hand.

"What was the point of lying?" she asked. "I don't understand."

"I suppose it was pride," I said. "I wanted everyone to believe I had succeeded. Well, perhaps I have succeeded, for a time. I haven't been into all the figures yet. But I want you to keep this to yourself. I don't intend telling Maman, or Paul, or anyone except you unless things turn out to make it absolutely necessary."

She smiled for the first time, and, as she half raised herself on her pillow, I saw that she meant me to kiss her. I did so, and let go her hand.

"I won't tell anybody," she said. "I'm only too glad that you've taken me into your confidence for once. It's funny, though, that you've bothered so much about the foundry. The idea of closing down never seemed to worry you as it did Paul and Blanche."

"No," I said. "Perhaps not. It began to worry me yesterday, when I went down there in the afternoon."

She asked me to give her a comb and looking-glass from the dressing-table, and, sitting upright against the bunched pillows, she combed the lank fair hair away from her face. It was a gesture similar to another I had seen scarcely two hours before, and, because of the total difference of mood and personality, the one carefree and gay, the other so weary, lifeless, yet if possible more intimate still, I felt myself oddly moved; I wished the balance could be restored and Francoise likewise vigorous and happy.

"Why didn't you tell me the night you came back?" she said.

"I hadn't decided," I replied. "I wasn't sure what I was going to do."

"Paul's bound to find out," she said. "You can't possibly keep it from him. Besides, what does it matter if he does know, since you've fixed the contract? Anyway, all these things will be solved when the boy is born." She put the mirror back on the table beside the bed. "Marie-Noel said you were down in the vaults at the bank. Everyone wondered what you were doing. I didn't know you kept anything there."

"Various securities," I said, "deeds, and so on."

"Is our Marriage Settlement there?"

"Yes."

"Did you look at it?"

"I did glance through it."

"If we have another daughter there's nothing to be done, is there?"

"No. Apparently not."

"What happens if I die? You get everything, don't you?"

"You're not going to die. Now, shall I close the shutters and draw the curtains and put on your light? Have you anything to read?"

She was silent. She lay back on her pillows. Then she said, "You might get me the locket you brought me from Paris. I think I'll keep it here beside me, on the table."

I went to the dressing-table in the alcove, took the small jewel-case I saw there, and gave it to her. She lifted the lid and looked at the locket, snapping the miniature open as she had done before.

"Where was it you bought it?" she asked.

"A place I know in Paris," I said. "I can't remember the name."

"Renee tells me that the woman who keeps the antique shop in Villars does miniatures from time to time," she said. "Oh? Perhaps. I don't know."

"If she does, we might get her to do Marie-Noel some time, and the baby, too. It would be cheaper than in Paris."

"Yes, probably."

She put the locket, with the miniature open, on the bedside table. "You'd better go down and make your peace with Renee," she said. "I was feeling too ill to cope with her

when she arrived back—you know how impossible she can be when she loses her temper."

"She'll get over it."

I closed the shutters, and then I put a log on the fire.

"I suppose the child's with Blanche," she said, "or upstairs with Maman. I haven't felt well enough to see her. Tell her I didn't mean what I said this morning, that I was ill and wretched."

"I think she understood that."

"What did you do with the broken pieces?"

"Never mind. I've seen to them. Is there anything else you want?"

"No. No, I shall just go on lying here quietly."

I went through the bathroom to the dressing-room and changed my shoes and coat, as I had done the evening before. The bottle of "Femme" was still standing on the chest. It was no longer impersonal, like something glimpsed in a shop window, but had all the significance of my own intimate life. I put it away in a drawer, and because the drawer had a key something made me turn the key and slip it into my pocket afterwards. I went out into the corridor, and at the foot of the stairs I came face to face with Charlotte.

"Monsieur le cure has just gone," she said. "Madame la Comtesse has been asking for you."

"I'll go to her now," I said.

Once again she preceded me up the stairs, as on my first evening. And that moment forty-eight hours ago seemed to me, following her a second time, like something in a distant past: the masquerader of that night was as different from the man who now climbed the stairs as he, in his turn, had been from the self waking in his hotel bedroom at La Mans. It was as though the skin that covered me was like armor. Then my courage had been false; now it was invincible.

"Monsieur le Comte was detained a long time in Villars?" asked Charlotte.

I knew I was right to mistrust her and dislike her, and that every word she spoke was false.

"Yes," I said.

"Madame Paul had tea with Madame la Comtesse this afternoon," she continued. "She was very put out that she had been obliged to hire a car to bring her back, and she told Madame la Comtesse the whole story."

"There was no story," I said. "I was detained, that was all."

We were now on the upper corridor, and I walked past her and went on to the further passage, and the room beyond. I entered, to be greeted with the usual yapping from the dogs, and caring no longer I kicked them out of the way and went at once to the chair by the fire, where the mother was sitting, her massive shoulders draped in a purple shawl. I bent and kissed her, relieved to see that Blanche was not with her and she was sitting there alone.

"Good morning and good evening," I said. "I'm sorry I didn't come to see you this morning. I left early. You've already heard all about it. I'm glad to see you up. Have you had a good day?"

The mocking, questing eyes met mine, and she grunted and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," she said, "there with the light on your face, so

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Simple Arithmetic proves that...

# ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CAN SAVE YOU OVER 20 HOURS WORK IN WASHING-UP ALONE!



**1** IT TAKES ONLY  
ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX  
FOR A FAMILY WASH-UP



**2**  =  **x 128**  
ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CONTAINS  
128 TEASPOONS—ENOUGH FOR  
128 WASH-UPS

**3**    
USING SOAP  
OR SOAP POWDER.  
A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF  
AT LEAST 19 MINUTES ON EVERY WASH-UP  
—SAY 10 MINUTES WASHING, 9 DRYING-UP.  
THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS.  
FOR 128 "SUDS" WASH-UPS.

**4** NOW LETS SEE HOW TRIX  
CUTS WASH-UP TIME IN HALF



**5** AT THE VERY LEAST  
TRIX SAVES ½ MINUTE  
ON EACH WASH-UP—  
A SAVING OF  
1 HOUR 4 MINUTES  
FOR 128 WASH-UPS!

**6** AND AS  
**TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP**  
(ESTIMATED AT 9 MINUTES EACH FOR  
128 WASH-UPS) ...  
**YOU ACTUALLY SAVE  
ANOTHER 19 HOURS 12 MINS.**

**ADD TOGETHER THE SAVINGS ON WASHING AND DRYING  
AND YOU HAVE A TOTAL OF 20 HOURS 16 MINUTES SAVED!**

TRIX SAVES TIME  
AND WORK IN  
PRACTICALLY EVERY  
CLEANING JOB  
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cleaning windows,  
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... so you're going to ask "Why DON'T you dry-up when you use Trix?" Well ... when you wash-up in suds, you have to dry-up to remove the greasy film and soap streaks that cling to the plates. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, glass, knife and fork comes out gleaming; you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, without a trace of film or streaking.

Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that actually "swallows" grease and waste particles ... absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes. That's why Trix means a cleaner wash-up. Microscope tests show that normally-washed-and-dried-dishes teem with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free!







Everyone quietened down and turned to listen to Dai as he started to recount the happenings of that strange rainy night.

# Dai Davies and the Unseen Power

A short short story by DAVY JONES

WHEN old Trevor Tarpin fell back through the door of the Bird in Hand twenty minutes after he had said his final goodnight nobody was surprised.

Trevor was always seeing something on the way home. The Grey Lady, the Black Dog, the White Horse had all appeared at some time or another to strike terror into him and to send him scuttling back to the safety of the inn.

So, as he leaned against the wall trying to get his breath, white and shaking like a leaf, he caused only a momentary pause in the placid activity of the bar. It was Gomer Morgan who did the right thing by the old man, buying him a rum, listening to the story of his ghostly visitation, and then taking him home.

As soon as they had gone the disagreements started. Some supported old Trevor, and the opposition thought he was a silly old fool.

Starting from a quiet word, the hubbub spread until the place was in an uproar. The cribbage game broke up in violent dissension after an accusation of over-pegging, the dart players came up from the bottom room to see the fun, and Auntie Pugh, the landlady, had to ring her ship's bell for order.

As soon as there was a lull, Dai Davies, sitting in the corner settle under the clock, hammered his pint pot on the table and shouted: "Order! Let's have the best of order," over and over again until he had quiet. Dai, a former Rugby player, was well liked; and, besides, he was a big man, so most people obeyed.

"Listen," he said. "Let me tell you of something that happened to me, and I won't expect anybody to buy me rum after."

Taking a long pull at his beer, he continued, in dead silence: "Last Saturday, as you know, we were playing Rugby at Church End, and we won—Alfie scoring a lovely try.

"After the game we went to the clubhouse for supper; sausage and mash it always is there, and after supper we had the usual concert and the jugs of beer went round. I drank my fair whack, for it was good beer, and, to cut the story short, I lost the rest of the team and missed the coach back home.

"So I started walking home, hoping to get a lift. Now, as you know, it's a good three miles, and at that time of night, for it was past twelve, there's not much traffic about,

so I wasn't expecting much luck. It was raining, a nasty drizzle, and I was getting pretty wet outside—I was wet enough inside as it was—when along came this car.

"It was the first car I'd seen since I left the village, and it came up from behind me with the lights full on, travelling quite slowly. I turned and stepped into the road to wave it down and then stepped back again smartly, for it didn't stop.

"It was travelling so slowly that I thought it was slowing for me, so, running alongside, I opened the door and got in.

"And then I got a shock—there was no driver. No driver, no passengers, nobody in the car but me—and along we glided smoothly and silently, with no sound but my breathing and the drum of the rain and the swish of the tyres. The engine wasn't running, there was no one at the wheel, and we ghosted along slowly and dreamily through the rain.

"I sat there amazed and a bit frightened at first, but it was warm and dry and out of the rain, and we were going in the right direction. So, sleepy as I was with the beer, after a bit I sat back and relaxed.

"We came down to the corner by the bridge, our headlights sweeping through the trees, and I thought I might have to do something here, steer or brake or even jump out. But no.

"In through the open driver's window came a hand, floating in, green and drowned-looking by the light of the instruments, a hand that took the wheel and turned it gently so that we swung round the corner as neat and as sweet as you like. My neck prickled and the sweat dropped off my top lip when I saw this. But I wasn't harmed or affected in any other way.

"The hand vanished and we moved on, deliberately and slowly, down the road, and I relaxed again. I really gave myself up to the comfort and the warmth. At every corner the hand came in and I was no longer afraid—just sleepy and comfortable.

"We finally came to the first set of lights, down on Owen Street, and the lights were against us. Sure enough the car stopped, waited for the change, and, on green, away we went smoothly riding down the street, with no engine, no driver, and the steering done by a green, wet, disembodied hand.

"Down the street we went, down the dark street, for the lamps were all out, down the empty street towards the second set of lights in Market Lane. These, too, were at red, and again we stopped and waited.

"On the green we moved forward. The hand, looking more dead and putrid than ever in the light from the signal, came in through the window to turn the wheel, and round the corner we went.

"As you all know, I live straight on up Market Lane, so I was at the end of my journey. I opened the door and hopped out. There I stood

on the kerb in the rain, watching the ghostly car go on, silently and dreadfully gliding up the road, till its tail-light disappeared round the corner and it was gone.

"I stood there under the traffic lights thinking about what I'd seen and done, and smoking a cigarette. There was no one about at all—just the lights blinking red, amber, green, and me and my thoughts, and the hissing rain.

"I was just about to go when a man silently emerged from the darkness and asked me for a light. He was soaking, sopping wet. Water was running out of the bottoms of his trousers and squeezing up out of the eyelets of his shoes, and his hair was plastered to his cheeks.

"His matches were wet, he said, so I gave him a few of mine and we smoked together in silence.

"I'd been thinking about this journey of mine and needed to tell someone about it, for I was puzzled. So I started telling him, for he was there and it was all so fresh in my mind.

"A funny thing happened to me," I started. "I was walking back from Church End about an hour ago..."

"He looked at me in disbelief. 'From Church End?'

"I said: 'Yes, why?'

"He looked at me strangely, looked at my pretty dry clothes, then at his wet ones, and said: 'I've just come from there.'

"It was my turn to look at him oddly, for we'd passed no one on the way. 'Yes,' he said. 'My car ran out of petrol there and I had to push the ruddy thing all the way back here, in the rain.'

Dai got up, with his pint pot in his hand. He said: "Now, Auntie, I'll have one more pint of beer and get off home."

(Copyright)



# A Coach for Cinderella

A lighthearted romantic story by Owen Gray

It was huge, sleek, and sky-blue, with acres of chromium, the most outrageously ostentatious motor-car that Jan had ever seen. In the used-car showrooms its magnificence defied competition, reducing the others to the status of sardine-tins. The price—Jan had seen lots of nice houses for less. But the price didn't matter.

"Only traded in this morning," her uncle was saying. "You're welcome to borrow it. Think you can handle it?"

Jan thought of the ten-horsepower family car which was all she had driven back home. Then she thought of Roma's wedding the next day. A big society affair—titles, millionaires, limousines. And Jan Healing, stenographer, school-friend of the bride. She looked at the blue monster again, and gulped.

"D'you mean that, Uncle Jack?" she asked. "Gosh, it would be marvellous driving up in a car like that. The reporters will think I'm a film star or something."

Jack Healing smiled at her. "Can't have a Healing arriving at the Lindsay Clarke wedding in the station taxi," he said.

A sudden doubt checked her. "But I should be terrified," she said. "Suppose I scratched something, or dented a wing. It would take me 10 years to pay for it!"

Her uncle chuckled. "You've got a driver's licence, haven't you?" he asked. "Don't worry about wrecking the car. It's well insured."

Jan, sitting in front of the mirror that night, found it hard to be as calm as that. She was just 25, slight, dainty, almost elfin, with a mop of short curly hair and a wistful manner which defied all her efforts to look sophisticated. And she desperately wanted to look sophisticated the next day when Lindsay Clarke, racehorse-owner and international sportsman, was to marry Roma Sheridan at the little parish church at Bassingdene.

Since leaving school, Jan and Roma, living in different worlds, had drifted apart, and the invitation had come as a complete surprise. Jan's first reaction had been to refuse. Bassingdene was too far away, for one thing. But—it would be the event of the year.

Everybody who was anybody would be there, social register, the stage, the odd visiting Hollywood star, everybody. And there was Uncle Jack living only a few miles away, so she wouldn't have to stay in a hotel. Which was just as well, because an outfit worthy of the occasion had crippled her budget for the next six months.

Cinderella, she thought. She even had the coach to go in now. She sighed, and rubbed more lotion into her hands. Nice hands, well looked after, but hands that worked a typewriter, not hands that had long glamorous nails and had never done a day's work. She had taken special care of her hands ever since she had accepted the invitation, and now she stretched out her fingers, slender and soft, and tapering, and looked at them approvingly. They won't give me away, she thought.

She was too excited to do more than nibble at an early lunch the next day. Then her uncle showed her over the big blue car. It wasn't so difficult, once you got the idea that you mustn't do anything for yourself. You just pushed a button and the car did it for you, whether it was lowering a window or changing the radio programme.

After a few minutes it was coming naturally. She threaded the whispering giant through the city traffic, a pinnacle of elegance, and little electric flutters of pure joy ran up her spine as she caught the admiring glances of passers-by.

Outside the city the open road wound gently upwards. Her foot pressed lightly on the accelerator, and she felt herself sinking into the back of the seat as the needle moved silently round to seventy, and the big car crested the hill as if running on invisible rails.

"This—is—motoring," she said out aloud to the empty road, and made a conscious effort to go a bit slower.

Ten miles out she came to the Bassingdene turning, and now the road was not so good. She glanced at her watch, and slowed down again. She had plenty of time, and, though the car ironed out all the bumps in the road, there was no sense in splashing mud on the gleaming paintwork.

Jan was negotiating a rather watery section in the hollow of a little valley when she felt the wheel tugging gently at her hand, like a well-trained butler quietly attracting the attention of his master.

With a horrible sinking feeling she noticed a slight roughness that hadn't been there before. She stopped clear of the mud and walked round to the front. One of the white-walled tyres had been skewered by what looked like a broken prong off a harrow, and the tyre was as flat as a flounder.

Jan stood there for perhaps a minute, completely overwhelmed by disaster. She looked at the wheel, smothered in mud. With a pathetic gesture she looked at her hands, and the crisp new gloves she was wearing. She looked at her feet, where little streaks of mud already encroached on to sheer nylon that peeped between the open-work of dainty new shoes. There was no house in sight, no help at hand. She wanted to cry.

The mournful face of a brown cow gazed at her steadily over the hedge. "Well, what would you do?" Jan asked the cow, but the cow, chewing stolidly, had no suggestions.

Changing the wheel was out of the question. She would rather miss the whole wedding than arrive bedraggled. Maybe someone would come along.

"Of course," she said to the cow. "I'm early, very early. There'll be hundreds of guests along soon. I could get a lift. Or maybe there'll be a chauffeur who could change the tyre for me."

Just then a low, white sports car came suddenly into view, pulling out to pass before she could signal to the driver. But the car pulled up alongside, anyhow, and a tall young man leaned out. He was dressed in an immaculate formal morning coat with a carnation in his button-hole, but with his crinkly red hair and suntanned face he looked as if he would be more at home in a golf jacket.

"Hullo," he said. "Oh, sorry, I thought you were someone else. I'm Steve McAlister." He said the name as if he assumed it would mean something to Jan.

"How do you do!" said Jan. There was an awkward pause. He hadn't seen the flat tyre yet, and Jan was wondering how to draw his attention to it.

"We know each other, don't we?" he asked with a puzzled frown.

"I don't think so," answered Jan. "I don't live round here." There was another gap. Then he said conversationally, "That's a nice car you've got."

"Oh, it gets me around," answered Jan blithely. "When it hasn't got a flat tyre, that is."

Steve McAlister laughed. "So that's the trouble. I'll fix it for you." He moved his own car to the side of the road, and came back. "Just release the luggage compartment, will you?"

Jan looked desperately up and down the rows of buttons and knobs. "I—I don't know which knob it is," she said, feeling her color rising. She gulped. "The chauffeur always does that sort of thing for me," she added madly.

He leaned across and touched one of the buttons, and the lid of the luggage compartment sprang up. She got out and watched, feeling rather helpless, as he rolled out the spare, jacked the car up expertly, and switched the wheels. The job done, he opened the door for her, and then stood, wiping his hands on a piece of rag, while she thanked him.

"How far are you going?" he asked.

"Just to Bassingdene. To the wedding. You look as if you're going there yourself. I'm sorry I made you get all dirty."

He laughed. "Only my hands, and it's good clean mud."

To page 34







Jan shyly watched as Steve,  
immaculately dressed, cheer-  
fully changed the tyre.





## the final touch

So necessary to every woman, every girl. Anyone can offend through perspiration odour. There's nothing unusual about it—nature decides that you will perspire and that means perspiration odour. Don't be complacent because perspiration odours are not apparent to YOU, they are to others. You must use a personal deodorant to preserve after-bath freshness.

### \*Mum is no ordinary deodorant

Mum's exclusive ingredient M3\* actually destroys the germs that make perspiration offensive... eliminates entirely all body odours for a full 24 hours.

Completely safe and delicately perfumed, Mum gives that minute-by-minute protection that lasts right from one shower to the next.

Mum is the deodorant you can be sure of.

The world's most successful deodorant, Mum never irritates normal skins... never rots your clothes.



\*M3 is known to science as hexachlorophene—the wonder ingredient which destroys odour-causing bacteria without harm to skin and clothing.

MUM KEEPS YOU NICE TO BE NEAR—24 HOURS A DAY

M01

## Are you WORRYING your life away?

If you are always tense and anxious, if you're "on edge" and lack confidence, your nerves need Sanatogen.

Constant worrying and tiredness, broken sleep, irritability are signs of nervous stress; signs that your body and nerve cells need extra nourishment.

Sanatogen provides essential nerve nourishment because Sanatogen is a PROTEIN nerve tonic. You'll find that a course of Sanatogen will help you to relax, to sleep soundly and feel unworried in daily life.

Sanatogen is not a drug or sedative. It is a nerve-nutrient of lasting value—a tonic recommended by doctors the world over and sold by all chemists.

**Sanatogen** THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

# Helping the families of alcoholics

● Alcoholics Anonymous helps people who suffer from the disease known as alcoholism, but a Western Australian group, Alanon, argues that a wife, husband, or mother of an alcoholic needs as much help as the alcoholic — and is doing a lot about it.

ALANON works alongside and with A.A. It was started three years ago in a suburban sitting-room in Perth, with a total membership of three.

Now its membership runs into hundreds, and the organisation has spread to other States.

A Sydney group was started more than two months ago, and there are active branches in Newcastle and Broken Hill. Groups also exist in Adelaide, Cairns (Qld.), and Bundaberg (Qld.).

Australia's 200,000 alcoholics, high in a population of fewer than 10,000,000, are A.A.'s direct concern.

But members of A.A. estimate that for every alcoholic there are at least five of his family and close friends in some way influenced and "marked" by him.

Which means that about 1,000,000 people are in direct personal contact with alcoholics in this country.

Dr. W. B. Gray, Medical Director of Perth's Havelock Clinic—an outpatients clinic run by the Mental Health Services of Western Australia—said recently: "The incidence of alcoholism in this country has at least reached, and may be beyond, the American level."

This is disturbing news. But it is the people directly affected by alcoholics—a husband who can't work efficiently because of his wife's drinking, an embittered wife near a nervous breakdown, a desperate mother of an alcoholic son, neglected children—whom Alanon seeks to help, and does.

I first heard about Alanon and how it works from Ella and others, and later at a combined Alanon-A.A. meeting attended by 250 members.

The stories varied, but all had the same familiar pattern of disrupted lives—loss of self-respect, ideals, belief; shame, frustration, and despair; the inevitable degeneration and destruction of human personality through the alcoholism of the other partner, wife or husband, or some member of the family.

### Desperate

The first story I heard concerned a wife and her sister who had done everything they knew to stop the husband and brother they loved destroying himself with alcohol.

"I was desperate, but I couldn't leave him," Ella told me.

"He needed me and I would have known no peace to have deserted him—distasteful as he had become, demoralised, and so terribly unpredictable.

"It took me a long time to

admit to myself that my husband was an alcoholic, and then only desperation let me bare my secret (no secret, unfortunately, to the neighbors) to the complete strangers who made up Alanon.

"But how sweet it was to unload the trouble, if only temporarily, to be able to discuss the sordidness of the whole thing to someone else who did not avoid my eyes, or look superior, or, worse, look pityingly at me."

### Waiting...

But I also found, in my early talks with Ella and others, that a recovered alcoholic does not automatically or necessarily mean "happy ever after."

Often major emotional adjustments have to be made.

Take May's case: "When my husband joined A.A. I found it almost impossible at first to adjust myself to our new life.

"I spent my time waiting for my husband to break out again and I wasn't easy to live with. It has taken me three years to get used to the

By

**WINFRED BISSETT,**  
staff reporter

idea that he doesn't drink any more."

John, a professional man, was another I talked to. He intrigued me with his logic, the quiet, dispassionate way in which he analysed himself.

He drank until his wife and children left him, and then he continued to drink. He would be in a bar till it closed, and there next morning waiting for it to open.

"When you reach that point," John said in his quiet way, "it's a hell that only the alcoholic at rock-bottom can really know."

It was his sister, who had joined Alanon, who helped him "move in" with A.A.—and for two months he didn't drink.

Then one day, sober and human again, he had one "social" drink with a friend. Within a fortnight he was back at his old drinking pattern.

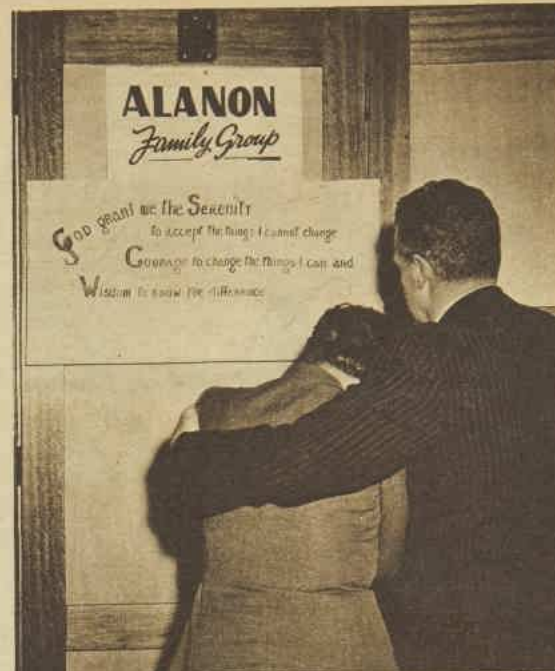
Again his sister called for A.A. help, and this time there was no more social drinking when he recovered.

"That was seven years ago," John told me, "and I haven't touched alcohol since."

Alanon can be contacted through these phone numbers:

Sydney: BW3165 (A.A.)  
Melbourne: LU6680 (A.A.)

Perth: W3433  
Adelaide: LU7440  
Newcastle: LU2182



A MARRIED COUPLE try to face it together. She is the alcoholic, he is the Alanon member. Looking at the Alanon prayer he comforts her.

I learnt a lot from that Alanon-A.A. meeting — from Dolly and Frank, from Eileen and Mick, from Beryl and many more.

Dolly was in the fifth row back, white hair beautifully set, and with a blue rinse. She had been an alcoholic for 15 years.

Her husband, Frank, was chairman of Alanon for that evening, and he told his story candidly, disarmingly.

"People asked me over the years why I didn't give Dolly away," he said. "I told them I didn't want to. Alcoholics are lovable people."

Dolly listened to every word, but it was as though her husband was speaking of a stranger. Her face showed no embarrassment, no emotion.

It was a stranger, of course, Frank was describing. The real Dolly was there in the hall, groomed, calm, a woman of dignity. Her drinking days had ended three years ago.

### An illness

Later she told her own story, and as she approached the speaker's table her husband pulled out a chair for her, and as she left he gave her a special smile.

Mick, an alcoholic who had stopped drinking, was the next to speak, but first he smiled at his wife, Eileen, at the back of the audience.

During his drinking days she had found Alanon, and through it learnt, what many people still do not realise, that her husband was suffering from an illness known as alcoholism.

She told him of A.A., but he said he didn't want any Bible-thumpers in his home shouting that drink was a curse. He knew that already.

But in time Eileen learnt from Alanon how to tackle this problem—when to be quiet and when to speak — and eventually he joined A.A.

Said Mick that night from the platform: "It was worth all those 18 years of hell for the past two years of our married life. I say now that we have been married for two years, not for 20. The 18 are forgotten as though they had never been."

### Separated

And when he had finished he came down and gently patted his wife's cheek in gratitude, and she turned her head away so that the tears wouldn't show.

But no story of Alanon would be complete without the young couple, newly separated, and yet sitting during that meeting on either side of the hall.

The husband, over one side, showed all the signs of prolonged alcoholism in his thin face. He also looked resentful, bewildered. The wife sat on the other side of the hall, and their young child ran constantly between them.

As they listened to the speakers they never laughed, as others did, never smiled.

"We got in touch with the wife first," an Alanon member told me, "and A.A. is trying to help the husband."

### No preaching

"They've been to meetings twice now, and already we can see a change for the better in both of them—a difference in their expressions.

"Through Alanon help the wife is already a little calmer, a little happier than she was.

"But the husband is still uncertain, still suspicious. He's waiting to be preached at, and he can't understand why it doesn't happen.

"They're just beginning, but at least they're coming to the same meetings, and that's important."



# Candy Hardy FROCK SERVICE

● Here is our teenage fashion scoop — a corduroy velveteen suit with its styling slanted towards spring. The suit is obtainable ready made or cut out ready to sew in fashion's newest colors.



MARGO McKENDRY, one of the two Sydney mannequins who will appear in our Irish fashion parades next month, poses in our Candy Hardy suit. Margo, who is in her teens, says, "I love red, and corduroy is one of my favorite dress fabrics."

THE suit — we called it Katrina — combines the new look of soft unpressed pleats set below a close-cropped, waist-length jacket.

The jacket features matching buttons, a high neckline, and a Peter Pan collar.

The material is a really beautiful corduroy velveteen in five dramatic colors—red,

American beauty, mid-green, saxe-blue, and black.

Don't delay in ordering. The suit is available for only six weeks.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £6/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust £6/19/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/12/3; 36 and 38in. bust £4/16/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

## How to order

● Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. When ordering, mention Katrina and state clearly the size required. Important: Please make a second color choice.

# ONLY NESCAFÉ GIVES YOU TRULY TASTIER COFFEE IN JUST 3 SECONDS

To understand WHY Nescafé is the only truly modern way to tastier, livelier coffee you should know HOW Nescafé itself is made . . .

It's as  
easy as  
1-2-3



A spoonful of Nescafé.



Add boiling water.



It's as easy as that.



To make Nescafé, Nestlé's begin by making piping hot coffee from roaster-fresh ground coffee beans. The grounds are carefully filtered away and the pure coffee goes through an exclusive jet process which transforms it into those fragrant, powder-fine gems of soluble coffee that you find when you open a Nescafé tin. All you do is add hot water to bring it back to rich, full-bodied coffee again. Change to Nescafé, the modern way to truly tastier coffee.

**NESCAFÉ**  
INSTANT COFFEE



*Decaffeinated too!*

Nescafé is available, too, in decaffeinated form. With 95% of the caffeine removed, even those who suffer from heart trouble or insomnia can drink Decaffeinated Nescafé "to their heart's content".



# Why let your child suffer?



## LISTERINE

will protect ALL your family from so many illnesses

Listerine gargled 3 times daily fights illness originating in the mouth

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity.)



### TESTS PROVE IT!

Exhaustive tests show that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work. The gargling of Listerine, three times a day, is a potent protection. Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7% 15 minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour later.

### "SECONDARY INVADERS" QUICKLY REDUCED

Tests conducted under the strict supervision of skilled bacteriologists show that such germs as Pneumococcus Type III, Hemophilus influenzae, Streptococcus pyogenes,

Pneumococcus Type II and Streptococcus salivarius can be quickly reduced in number by the Antiseptic Listerine gargle.

**Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions—instantly!** Listerine is so easy and pleasant to use. All you do is gargle it undiluted three times a day... it's as easy as that! And Listerine is so pleasant tasting, too! It takes only 30 seconds but protects for hours.



Guard against winter illness—keep Listerine handy!

Aspirin, sprays and non-antiseptic drops often do relieve many of the symptoms, but they can't kill germs the way Listerine does, germs that cause so much wretched

misery. Listerine costs so little compared with the protection it gives.

### IT'S SAFE!

The Listerine treatment is safe... it doesn't burn or sting. More important, for your kiddies' sake, Listerine is harmless if accidentally swallowed.

### CONTAINS PROVEN GERM-KILLING INGREDIENTS

Listerine is made under the most hygienic conditions to a proven, tested formula and contains only the purest medicinal ingredients. Tests over a twelve-year period clearly showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine were better protected from illness than those who did not. Here is proof positive that Listerine will protect all your family from so many illnesses.

### DOUBLE PROTECTION

Because Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces it keeps your breath sweet and pleasant for hours. You don't risk offending.

LISTERINE—IN 3 CONVENIENT SIZES—AT YOUR CHEMIST NOW!  
Available in 3 oz., 7 oz. and 14 oz. bottles. 10/1FC-2

ANTISEPTIC  
**LISTERINE**

87% of all infections initially attack the body orally

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are those responsible for:

Hepatitis • Poliomyelitis  
Scarlet Fever • Pneumonia  
Influenza • Common Cold

# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A new look for pre-spring sewing is this sheath dress with a bodice that simulates a bolero worn back-to-front.

THE fashion item above answers the reader's query below. Here is her letter and my reply:

"WOULD you suggest an idea to use 2½ yds. of 54in. lightweight black-and-white check wool? I want the frock for early spring. I can wear the slim line, but the dress must have a high neck and collar. As I make my own clothes I would like a paper pattern for the style you choose."

The design I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated at right. A sheath dress, it has a slightly raised and bloused bodice-top, giving the effect of a back-buttoning bolero. I chose a contrasting white pique for the collar and black taffeta for the bow. I hope you will like the dress sufficiently well to order a pattern. You did not mention your size. However, the pattern is obtainable in 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines under sketch give further details and how to order.

"I AM making a between-seasons suit. It has a box jacket and a slim skirt, and I am wondering if I could accent it with contrast. The suit is dark nigger-brown."

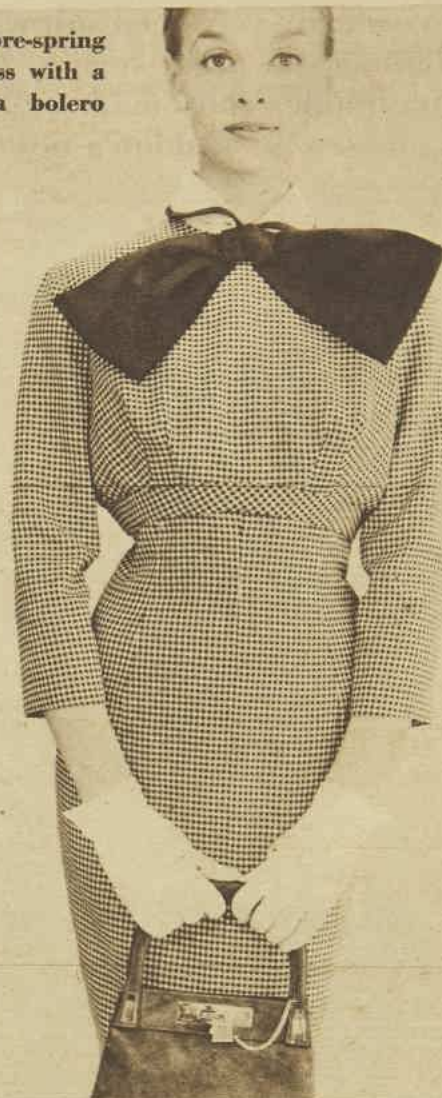
Line the jacket of the suit with printed silk, and repeat the print on the jacket's collar. Choose a print featuring beige and pink on a white ground. Flower - blooming prints are newest.

"MY problem is a teenage one. I want to buy a skirt and separate top, and would like advice about color and material."

Brilliant wool-plaids and jewel-toned flecked tweeds are currently popular materials for a teenager skirt. For the separate top, a jersey blouse, sweater, or a silk shirt would look best in the dominant color of the skirt fabric.

"COULD you advise me on the following fashion problem? If a bride wears a floor-length wedding gown, is it necessary for the bridesmaid to wear one also?"

If a bride chooses a floor-



length dress, her bridesmaid has the choice of ballerina, street, or floor-length. Only if the bride wears a short gown is it necessary to dress attendants in dresses the same length.

"WHAT would you choose as accessories for a grey tweed suit which has a slightly fitted jacket buttoned fairly low? The outfit is for in-between-seasons."

A "bowed-at-the-neckline" blouse in white chiffon, a grey beret matched in color to the suit, plus grey gloves, handbag, and shoes would be attractive accessories for a span - winter - into - early-spring suit. By the way, the newest way to wear the beret

DS253. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 5-8th yards 54in. material, 3-8th yard 36in. contrast for bow, and ½yd. 36in. pique for collar. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

is back from the forehead, to show the hairline.

"I AM going on a winter cruise, and although I have my clothes for the daytime planned I don't know what to wear at night."

You will change for dinner, but the "changing" need not be too formal. A ballerina, a simple late-day dress, or skirt and separate tops would all be quite adequate.

## Beauty in LONG-LASTING LIPSTICK

brief:

By Carolyn Earle

● Your lipstick color and outline can be made to last a whole lot longer than you think possible.

HERE are some basic steps to follow when applying it.

● Dust your lips with powder before putting on any lipstick. You need a dry, smooth surface to coax the color on evenly.

● Use two lipsticks for the outline and fill-in—a deeper shade to shape the mouth, and a bright, creamy stick for the inside color. Apply last generously.

● Blot off all the excess color by gently pressing cleansing tissue against the lips. This removes any small thicknesses of color, leaves the surface smooth and even.

● If you have it on hand, finish off the make-up with a coat of colorless liquid. This preparation has quick-dry qualities. It protects the lips and any objects that they may touch.



## •Report on Hungary

# Ambassador wrote to world—and his wife

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

While preparing most of a 150,000-word United Nations report on Hungary, an Australian diplomat found time to write two 11 to 15 page letters to his wife each week and send postcards to their three children.

THE diplomat, Mr. Keith Shann, aged 39, is Australian Ambassador to the Philippines.

As Australian representative on a five-nation committee set up by the United Nations to report on last year's uprisings in Hungary, Mr. Shann did most of the collating, analysing, and preparing a vast pile of documents, newspapers, clippings, books, articles, and 2000 pages of verbatim typescript taken from 111 witnesses in New York, Geneva, Rome, Vienna, and London.

The resulting 17-chapter, 150,000-word report won world-wide praise. Diplomats

and correspondents commended its incisive style and lack of "gobbledgook" and "officialese."

Mr. Shann's twice-weekly letters were addressed to Melbourne, where his wife, Betty, and the children—Stephen (aged 10), Ian (9), and Catherine (6)—were staying with Mrs. Shann's mother, well-known golfer Mrs. C. L. Evans.

Melbourne-born Mr. Shann ("Mick" to his friends) is Australia's youngest Ambassador. His career is impressive.

After his education at Melbourne's Trinity Grammar School, where his father, the late Frank Shann, was headmaster, and at Melbourne



University, his success story reads:

1939: Joined the Bureau of Census and Statistics.

1940 to 1946: Worked with the Department of Labor and National Service.

1946: Second secretary of the United Nations Division of the Department of External Affairs.

1948: First secretary and acting-councillor of the United Nations Division.

1949 to 1955: Spent most of his time in New York as a member of Australian missions and delegations to the United Nations.

(In 1948 and 1951 he was a member of the Australian delegation to the United Nations Assembly in Paris.)

1952 to 1955: Head of the United Nations Bureau of the Department of External Affairs.

1955: Head of the department's American and Pacific Bureau; later appointed Australian Minister to the Philippines and subsequently raised to Ambassador.

Mr. Shann and his attractive wife, Betty, have known each other since childhood. A pianist, Mrs. Shann studied at the Melbourne University Conservatorium.

While staying with her mother in Melbourne, Mrs.

**WORLD AFFAIRS.** Mr. Keith Shann, Australian Ambassador to the Philippines, deep in discussion with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Shann arranged for Ian and Stephen to go to boarding-school.

A home-loving woman, she found it hard to leave the boys when she returned with Catherine to Manila to rejoin Mr. Shann.

Her mother, Mrs. Evans, said: "People sometimes envy diplomats and their wives their glamorous life, but it is very hard on a home-loving family couple like Betty and her husband."

"Betty likes to work in the house in slacks and she loves cooking."

"She could do this when she was at home with me. In Manila she has servants and leads such a busy life she hasn't time for housekeeping."

In his school and university days Mr. Shann was an excellent mimic and was interested in dramatic art. In Canberra, before his first overseas appointment, he took an active part in an amateur dramatic society.

### Baseball fan

A keen sportsman, he now finds time only for golf, but hasn't lost his enthusiasm for League football, and listens to shortwave broadcasts in New York and Manila. He also has become an American baseball fan, following the game on shortwave when he is away from New York.

Keith Shann is a man with a lively sense of humor and a natural friendliness. He is a good talker, with the knack of getting people to talk to him, which would have helped him considerably in preparing his United Nations report.

The General Assembly is not expected to begin debate on the report until September 10, but copies are available (price about 17/-) from H. A. Goddard Pty. Ltd., 255-257 George Street, Sydney, and Melbourne University Press, 303 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

An abridged report can be obtained (free) from the Department of External Affairs in Canberra, Sydney, and Melbourne.



**FAMILY.** Mrs. Shann, with Stephen (10), Ian (9), and Catherine (6), outside a hut built as a playhouse for the children in Manila. The boys are now in boarding-school.

## BIG FICTION CONTEST

Readers are invited to submit short stories in our Fiction Contest, organised in conjunction with the short-story section of the International Correspondence Schools.

Prizes are as follows:

- £50 each for the six best stories.
- £100 for best story by author who has never had any writing published.
- £100 for the story voted best by our readers.
- Three prizes of £50, £25, and £10 each to readers for the best comments on their choice.

Stories should be between 3000 and 5000 words, must be original, and not previously published. Entries should bear the author's name and address (including State), on each page, and should be addressed Short Story Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. They must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for return of manuscripts.

Entries by competitors who have never

had any writings published should be marked "Unpublished."

First Australian publication rights of the prizewinning stories will be retained by The Australian Women's Weekly. It also reserves the right to buy six stories, other than the prizewinners, at £25 each, and any others at the usual rate of payment under the same conditions.

The judges will be the Editor, Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards. Closing date for entries is August 5, 1957.

Employees of the International Correspondence Schools and of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.



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BY RICHARD HUDNUT

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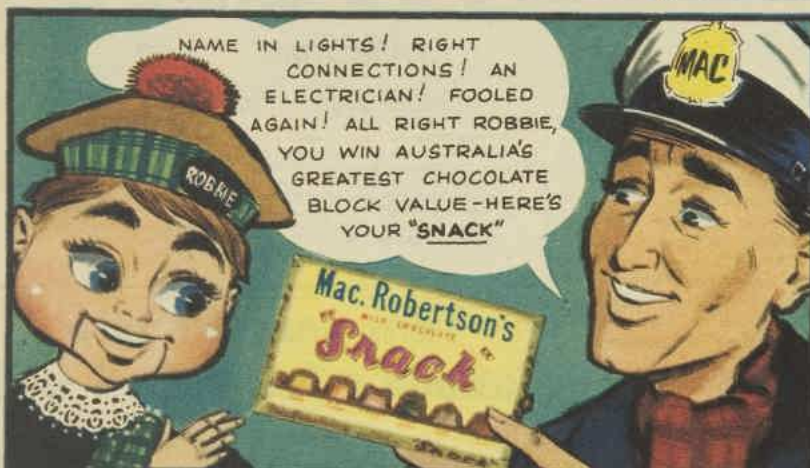
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LBIA 62

Page 29



# Fun with MAC and ROBBIE MACADEMY AWARD



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At chemists, tubes 2s. 6d., jars. 3s. 6d.  
**Valderma Antiseptic Balm**

**DO IT YOURSELF.** Buy the "Practical Householder," the splendid monthly magazine that tells you how to do all those odd jobs around the home. Price 2/- at all newsagents.

# Worth Reporting

**WHEN** the Queen visited Wimbledon for the first time since her accession, she became so excited during the doubles finals that she removed her gloves—and this has rarely, if ever, happened before on a public occasion.

Although the Queen is not really an ardent tennis fan, she was as enthusiastic as anyone in the gallery during this hard-fought battle which gave America's Gardner Mollay and Budge Patty victory over Lew Hoad and Neale Fraser.

When the Queen presented the Cup, she told the players that the weather was "as hot as Nigeria."

It was this heat that brought out the topless dresses and made Wimbledon a less-dressy occasion than usual.

The stands were filled with girls in cotton dresses and men in shirt sleeves. One Frenchman said, "It's more like The Plague than Wimbledon."

Nearly every woman was hatless, except those whose seats were just behind the Royal Box. For this privilege they wore their hats, but they pulled off their gloves when they noticed the Queen clapping barehanded and settled down to enjoy the tennis.

**A NEW idea for garageless cars?**

Parked in Darlinghurst, a very small car was fitted with a tailored green-and-white-striped canvas jacket fitting like its own duco and revealing only the wheels.

Stencilled in the correct places, fore and aft, was the car's registered number.



**A BUNDABERG**, Queensland, father asked his 11-year-old son if he had been cold in bed the previous night.

"No; not a bit," the lad assured him. "I was so hot I had to take off my overcoat."

### Copied our prawn trees

**MUCH-ADMIRED** table centrepieces at a recent diplomatic party in Melbourne were two shrimp "trees" copied from our July 3 color feature "Centrepieces Good Enough To Eat." They were made by Chef Walton, of Cliveden Mansions, where the party was held to celebrate Canada's National Day.

The manager of Cliveden, Mrs. Wilbur Anderson, gave our picture to the chef to copy as a surprise for Canadian Commercial Counsellor, Mr. Grant Major, and Mrs. Major, who entertained 150 guests.

Chef Walton used wooden toothpicks to hang the shrimps, tails down, from mashed potatoes piped around the "tree" edges.

### Hockey on horseback

**WE** were interested to read in the English paper "The National Review" an article on polo, which when first played in England was called "hockey on horseback."

One of the earliest players back in 1872 was Lord William Beresford, a nephew of the fifth Marquess of Waterford. (Princess Margaret's current escort, Lord Patrick Beresford, is the younger son of the seventh Marquess.)

Lord William was an A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales in 1875 and 1876. The Prince and Princess of Wales attended a match, the third to be played in England, in which the Ninth (Queen's Royal) Lancers—Lord William's team—challenged the Royal Horse Guards. The match took place at Windsor. "All the gay world," said one report of the day, "was there, the guests of the officers consisting of nearly a thousand pretty women and tip-top swells galore."

"There was a luncheon to Royalty, and champagne flowed like water. The gathering included the Duke and Duchess of Teck."

"The battleground was kept by troopers of the Royal Horse Guards, whose plumed helmets and glittering cuirasses contributed quite a military character to the scene. Such dashing charges, such confused melees, such a waving of hockey sticks in the air, and such furious galloping in all directions."

From these early beginnings developed the world-famous Hurlingham Club.

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# Blessed the goldfish

• The Rev. H. J. Butterley, Church Missionary Society, 125 Macquarie St., Hobart, won first prize of £20 in this week's contest.

**HERE** is Mr. Butterley's winning entry:

Asked to conduct a baptism in a private home, I was met on arrival by the baby's father, who asked if there was anything I required for the service.

My only request was for a cut-glass bowl to contain the water. Assured that this was ready, I entered the room where everybody was assembled.

Coming to the section of the service where the water is blessed, I held my hand over the bowl and prayed, "Sanctify this water to the mystical washing away of sin."

As I spoke, I noticed that the baby's father was standing beside me holding another cut-glass bowl full of water.

Looking more closely at the one on the table, I realised that I had just blessed a bowl of goldfish by mistake.

Prizes of £5 were awarded the following:

### Own admirer

**WORKING** as a very junior junior-stenographer for a London publishing firm I was

alone in the office one lunchtime when a visitor asked for the manager.

Explaining that the manager and most of the staff were out for a while making preparations for an important caller, I continued to type envelopes, while the inquirer paced up and down.

Noticing that the man had a beard, wore a Norfolk jacket, and looked like a caricature of George Bernard Shaw, I asked sarcastically, "Are you an admirer of G.B.S.?"

### HOW TO ENTER

**WRITE** your "Strange but True" experience clearly, and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true, and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic. Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, or any correspondence entered into.

### STRANGE but TRUE

The man thought for a moment before giving the slow answer, "Yes, I think I am."

Soon afterwards the manager burst in full of apologies and took the visitor into his office.

"Did you know who that was?" asked my immediate superior when the fuss had died down.

Yes, you've guessed it—it was George Bernard Shaw himself.

Mrs. Lena Dubow, 87 Mulga Rd., Oatley, N.S.W.

### Feathered frogs

**WHEN** we lived in the country long ago frogs invaded our outside bathroom. We collected 14, put them in a bucket, and tipped it into a nearby paddock.

Next morning a dozen frogs, each covered in downy white feathers, were in possession of the bathroom again. They had hopped through the fowl-pens on the way and their moist bodies had collected the fluff. For years afterwards our favorite family saying was: "Scarce as feathered frogs!"

Mrs. H. Young, 37 Mort St., Toowoomba, Qld.



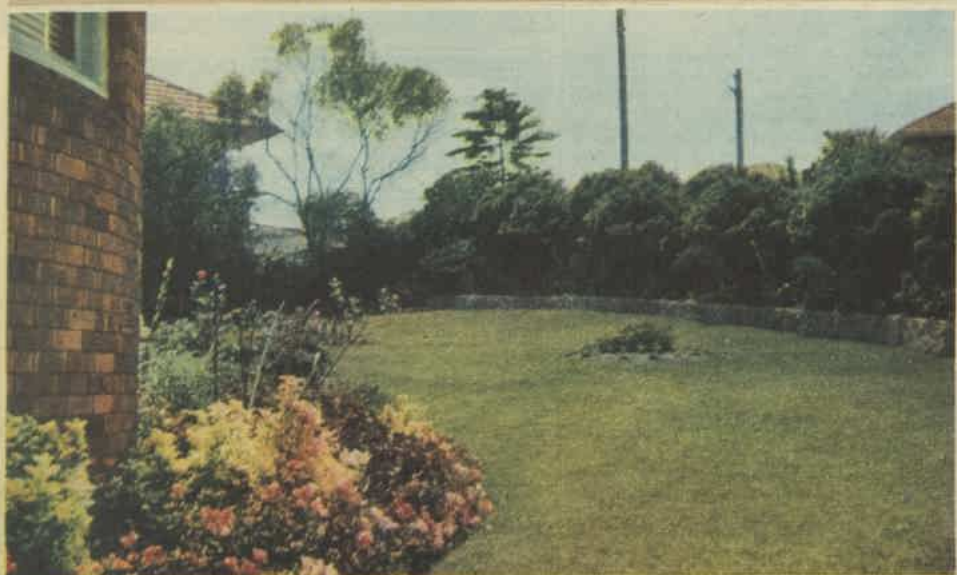
# PRIZEWINNING TOWN AND COUNTRY GARDENS



WINNER of the prize for the most attractive footpath frontage was Mrs. T. Rallis, 15 Tower Street, Vaucluse. Mrs. Rallis, who left Narrandera, N.S.W., for the city nine years ago, redesigned this pretty garden and footpath garden herself. The mother of two children, Mrs. Rallis has very little spare time, but she likes to spend as much of it as she can at work in the garden.



GRAND CHAMPION winner was Miss A. Lyons, of 29 Leichhardt Street, Waverley. Miss Lyons remodelled an old house and garden overlooking Barna Park, Waverley, to resemble a ship and did most of the work herself. The sunken garden resembles the hold of the ship and is planted with flowers including phlox, petunias, golden retinospira, portulaca, and waterlilies.



BEST FORMAL GARDEN prize (above) was awarded Mr. W. Goldberg, 2a Kiparra Road, Dover Heights. This garden is exposed to southerly gales, but it is maintained by judicious selection and placing of wind-hardy plants.

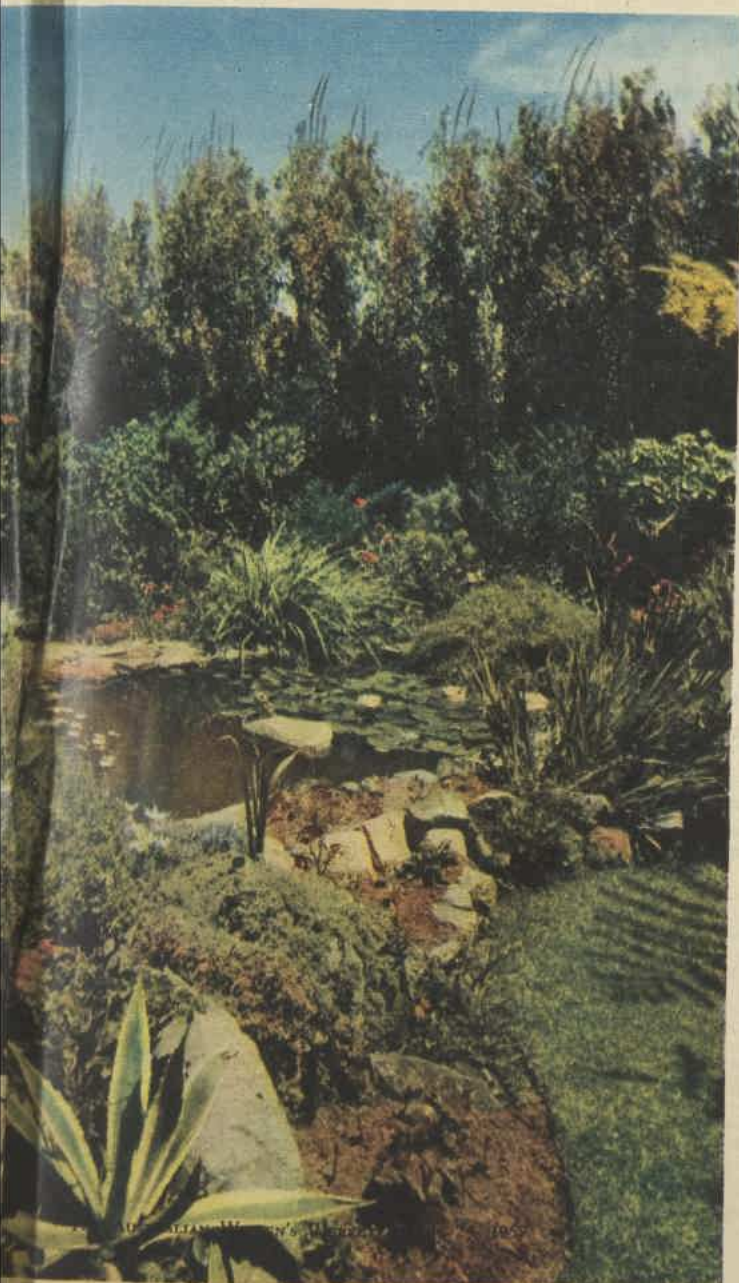
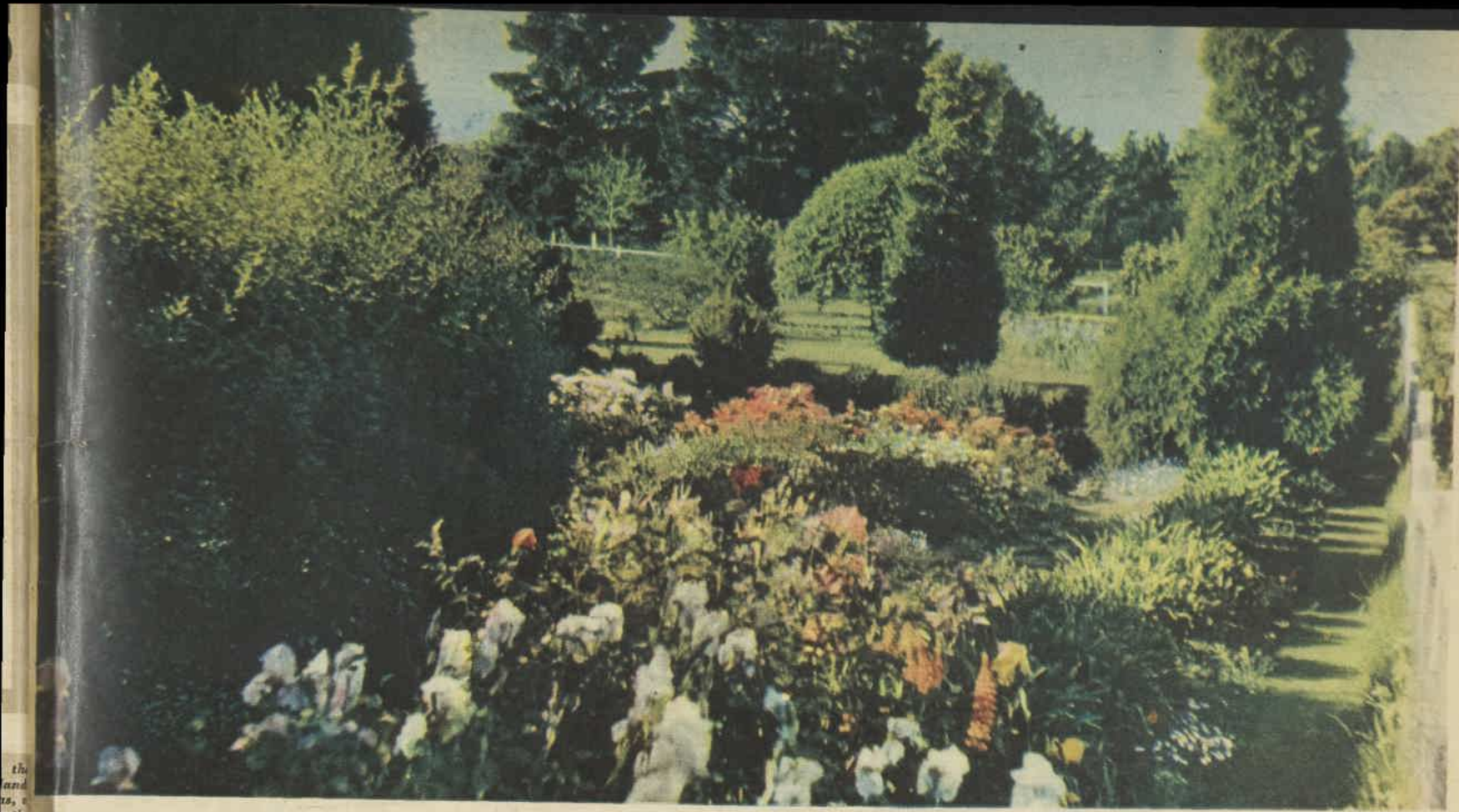
BEST-KEPT BACKYARD (right). This section was won by Mr. E. C. Blake, 134 Military Road, Dover Heights. Poplars provide shelter from the west and a setting for an attractive display of lawn, flowers, and rock pool with goldfish.

*EVERY* gardener is interested in other people's gardens and likes to borrow ideas for design and plant groupings. These pictures show some attractive suburban and country gardens which won prizes in competitions arranged by the Waverley Council, in Sydney, and the Bowral (N.S.W.) Rotary Club. Four of the Waverley competition winners are shown at left and below; three country prizewinners in the Bowral district are on the opposite page.

COUNTRY GARDEN (right). First prizewinner in the section for the who employed full-time help was Mrs. Spencer Stansfield, of "Upland Links Road, Burradoo. The flowers in this garden include irises, azaleas, roses; among the shrubs and trees are a tulip tree, maples, and photinias.







ABOVE: Award for those employing a part-time gardener went to Misses V. and R. Thacker, "The Cottage," Merrigang Street, Bowral. With prunus, cherry trees, rowan, rhododendrons, and lilacs are valerian, lupins, and sweet rockets.

BELOW: Winner of section three—for those who did not employ a gardener—was Mrs. Bill Andreas, "Leuralla," Eridge Park Road, Burradoo. Pictured are climber roses, valerian, and weeping cherries with lovely herbaceous border.





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## Continuing . . . A Coach for Cinderella

[from page 25]

It'll wash off." He looked at her in a puzzled way again. "You'll be a friend of the bride?"

She nodded. "Yes, I was at school with Roma."

"Thought so. I know most of the groom's friends. Well, see you in church."

The approaches to Bassingdene church were thronged with cameramen, columnists, guests, and a flock of police holding back the sightseers and sorting out the traffic. Jan was directed to a parking spot in a nearby farmyard.

New-laid gravel crunched underfoot as she joined the line of distinguished guests moving up to the church. At the door she showed her gold-engraved invitation to the chief usher, who handed her over solemnly to another usher.

A mass of flowers was banked up around the altar, and the organ was playing softly. She looked around, recognising one or two well-known faces, but most of them didn't mean a thing. Then, a few seats away, she saw Lynn Smith, another of the gang from school. Thank goodness, she thought, I won't be completely alone.

There was a movement in the congregation. Heads turned. The bridegroom had arrived — a tall, handsome, and military-looking young man. Beside him walked the best man, and Jan recognised him with a start. It was Steve McAlister.

Five minutes later the organ swelled into the Lohengrin Bridal March and all stood on tip toes and strained their necks. Roma, wearing a fabulous gown of shimmering white brocade, came slowly down the aisle escorted by her six bridesmaids.

After the ceremony, Jan got together with Lynn outside the church.

"Gosh, am I glad to see you," Lynn said. "I thought I was the sole representative of the working classes. All that mink, and me wrapped in three-year-old bunny. The name's Smith," she added to a harassed photographer who was trying to get his sights on a passing baronet. "Smith — s p e l l S-M-I-T-H."

"Working class nothing, Lynn Smith. Wait till you see my car. Do you want a lift up to the reception?"

Lynn's reaction to the car was a long, low whistle. "I don't believe it," she said. "Nobody but a maharajah has a car like this."

"It's one of my uncle's," explained Jan.

Lynn raised her eyebrows. "You never told me Rockefeller was your uncle," she said.

Jan laughed. "No, my uncle runs a car business. Someone traded this in. It's last year's model," she added deprecatingly.

Bassingdene Towers stood aloof and imposing on a hill-top at the end of a mile-long drive. The reception was in the big hall, and overflowed into the panelled dining-room. The bridal group received the guests at the foot of the wide staircase, while an attendant in knee-breeches called out the names.

"Miss Janet Healing, Miss Lynn Smith," he intoned.

**R**OMA welcomed them, introduced her husband, and they passed along the line of parents and bridesmaids.

"Hullo," said Steve, who was on the end of the line. "Had any good punctures lately?"

"I hope not," answered Jan gravely. "The spare's down in the village being mended."

"Dame Charlotte Mandeville," boomed the uniformed attendant, and an imposing dowager swept down the receiving line like a gale on full sail. Steve was still talking to Jan, and the gale, with an indignant toss of her plumed hat, snorted past.

"Ouch," said Steve. "Don't call Bassingdene a village, not if you want to show your face here again. Which I hope you will," he added. "Bassingdene is a country town. The mayor says so. It has a mayor."

"The Venerable Archdeacon of Saltash, and Mrs. Carstairs," intoned the attendant.

"It's all right, it's his wife," explained Steve in a loud whisper. "I'd better get back to business. See you later."

He turned and greeted the Archdeacon's wife effusively, and Jan turned to find Lynn regarding her with eyes like saucers.

"Hey, hey, what's this?" she demanded. "For a girl who doesn't know anyone here, you're making good progress."

"He's nice, isn't he? I don't know who he is. He helped me when I got a puncture this afternoon."

Lynn gasped. "Well, you hit

the jackpot, that's all," she said. "That's Steve McAlister."

"So he told me," said Jan. "How did you know?"

"How . . . ?" Lynn took a long, patient sigh. "Janet, girl, where have you been hibernating? You've heard of the McAlister Line — they own about half the merchant navy? Well, Steve's pop is Daniel McAlister."

"Oh," said Janet in a small voice. "Well, anyway, I hope he comes and talks to me again. I'll just have to make sure I don't leave any glass slippers behind."

A waiter bearing a tray of champagne bore down on them. The speeches were going on, but Jan and Lynn couldn't hear a word of them. They dutifully drank the toasts to the bride and groom, and then to the bridesmaids.

Roma and Lindsay Clarke circulated among the guests and Jan pressed forward to speak to her, but the bride was swept away to meet someone else before she could say anything. It was all crowded and noisy and gay and she soon lost sight of Lynn in the turmoil.

A lean brown hand suddenly came over Jan's shoulder, deftly removed her empty glass, and replaced it with a full one.

"You looked thirsty," said Steve. "You have to fend for yourself at these bunfights, you could starve to death before a waiter offered you anything."

He leaned over half a dozen guests and collected a plate of sandwiches off the buffet.

"Smoked salmon all right? Good." He manoeuvred Jan into a corner. "Here — we'll make a little oasis here while you tell me all about yourself. I'm not convinced yet that we don't know each other. But if we don't, we ought to. I don't often meet a girl with such good taste in cars," he added inconsequentially.

She thought of telling him that at midnight the car turned into a pumpkin drawn by mice. But she didn't. The whole situation was unreal, the car, Bassingdene Towers, drinking champagne with Steve McAlister. Yesterday she was Jan Healing, tomorrow she would be Jan Healing again, but today she was someone quite different.

"Don't keep me guessing," he pleaded. "Did we romp in the same kindergarten, or what?"

To page 35



● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for "The Nicest Compliment" and "The Best Backhander." Here are this week's winners.

#### THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

**I**HAD met my husband at the railway station, Capetown, and as we walked up the street, he said: "I travelled from Bulawayo with Buchanan. I feel sorry for him. He'll be disappointed." "Why?" I asked. "He expected his wife to meet him." "But how do you know she didn't?" He looked at me in surprise: "You were the only woman on the platform!" And at least 40 other women were there.

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. L. Pemberton, 6 Ryde Rd., Pymble, N.S.W.

#### THE BEST BACKHANDER

**O**UR young hopeful, aged three, was convalescing in a hospital run by Sisters of Mercy.

When visiting him one afternoon, a sister brought along his afternoon tea, including a luscious featherweight sponge cake which made everyone's mouth water. Our son took a bite and his face showed disapproval as he pushed it aside.

"What's wrong?" said the sister. "Don't you like this cake?"

"No," said the boy. "I like them nice and heavy like Mum makes."

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He looked at her thoughtfully as he sipped his wine. "No, on second thoughts, you can't be a day over nineteen and I'm a ripe old twenty-eight."

"I'm twenty," corrected Jan. "And as I told you before, I don't live around here."

"Where then?" he coaxed. "Tell your Uncle Steve."

She shook her head mischievously. "You don't even know my name," she reminded him.

"I certainly do." He paused for dramatic effect. "It's — Lynn Smith!"

She stared at him and he saw her surprise.

"We McAlisters are not so stupid as we look, you know," he said smugly. "The foghorn in the knee-breeches made no secret of your name when you came in."

"Oh," said Jan humbly. "I see. I didn't think of that." A little imp of laughter danced in her eyes, but she said gravely, "Now at least we know each other's names, don't we?"

He offered her the plate of sandwiches. "Grab a couple before I eat them all," he commanded. "Time presses. Tradition demands that I escort the senior bridesmaid — the one with the horse's teeth — to a party this evening. But before I'm snatched away I want to know all about you, what you do, what you think, your views on antisocialism, vegetarianism, everything. No detail too small."

Jan pondered. "Well, for

## Continuing . . . A Coach for Cinderella

from page 34

one thing," she said, "I talk to cows."

"Splendid," said Steve. "We have something in common right away. You should see some of the people my good mother invites to her tea parties."

"But I can't get the cows to talk back to me."

"Sister," replied Steve warmly. "You don't know how lucky you are."

"And at parties I like to sit on the floor and take my shoes off."

Steve nodded. "That's intelligent," he said. "So you can doze off when you're bored?"

There was a general movement out into the hall, and Steve groaned.

"Duty calls," he said. "I think the happy couple are about to leave, and I promised Lindsay I'd produce his car at the last moment, so that no one could tie any old boots to it. I've got it hidden round the back among the pigsties."

He felt in his pocket for the keys, tossed them in the air, and caught them again. "Care to come with me?" he asked. "I don't know about cows, but there are a couple of nice pigs you could have a chat to."

She laughed and shook her head. "I've hardly spoken to Roma," she said. "I must go and see them off."

He sighed. "How hard is the lonely path of duty," he

said, "I hope I can find you again later."

He sauntered off, turning to wave as he passed through the door at the back of the dining-room. As the door shut, Jan realised that she was almost alone. She hurried out into the hall, where everyone had congregated to see the couple off, and she tried to worm her

her eyes big and solemn. Steve was across the hall talking to the bridesmaid with the prominent teeth. He didn't see her. It was some time before she answered.

"Get my coat for me, Lynn," she said in a subdued voice. "I'll slip out and wait in the car."

Two days later Jan was back at work, her holiday over.



"I'm not worried about growing up to be big like Daddy. Statistics indicate that my generation will be two inches taller than his."

way forward, but she had left it much too late.

A few minutes afterwards, Roma and Lindsay appeared and the crowd pressed forward. Jan got a glimpse of Lindsay's face and the top of Roma's going-away hat, and that was all. Then they were gone, with a chorus of goodbyes, a waving of hands, a scrunch of tyres on gravel.

Jan wasn't the sentimental type, but a feeling of almost sadness swept over her. She hadn't seen Roma for ages, but it hit her just the same. Roma Sheridan, the schoolgirl, married. Roma, now the mistress of Basingdene Towers. At twenty-five Jan suddenly felt as if Father Time had sneaked up unseen and crowned her with his hour-glass.

"It makes you want to cry, doesn't it?" said Lynn, who had come up behind her. "It's the champagne that does it. Champagne and old age."

Jan smiled. "I guess we're just a couple of broken-down has-beens," she said.

"You seem to be making good time for a broken-down has-been," remarked Lynn dryly. "You've got the young McAlister hooked and gaffed." Jan colored slightly. "Nonsense," she said. "He doesn't even know my name." Lynn was exactly eight months older than Jan, but she had always managed to make Jan feel as if she was talking to a wise old aunt. Jan sometimes found it rather disconcerting.

"Nonsense, my foot," retorted Lynn crisply. "He's hooked and he's gaffed and he's moving in for the kill! I certainly twisted that metaphor into knots," she added.

"Nonsense," said Jan again. She didn't know whether she was pleased or angry with Lynn. "What nonsense. I only met him a few hours ago."

"Few hours? How long do you think it takes?" asked Lynn. A sudden thought struck her. "You told him, of course, that you punch a typewriter for a living and that you borrowed the car from a second-hand dealer?"

"Lynn, stop being dramatic," said Jan crossly. "If you want to know, we talked about — about parties and cows and things like that."

Lynn crossed her arms. "I thought so," she said. "Listen, kiddo, people are beginning to leave. What say we blow, too, just quietly. Before you get in any deeper and have some embarrassing explaining to do."

Jan looked round wistfully,

Basingdene was two hundred miles away, but it might have been two million. Yesterday the papers had carried pictures of the wedding — one or two good ones of Roma and Lindsay and several rather poor ones of the more celebrated guests. Today — nothing. By lunchtime on her first day back in the office Jan felt as though she had never been away at all.

She spent the afternoon getting her teeth into a lengthy brief for Mr. Pollard, the senior partner. It was a very involved case, something to do with breach of copyright and full of parties of the first part and parties of the second part. Mr. Pollard had held it back specially so that she could do it and Jan responded by working back half an hour to get it finished. Finally she put the finished brief into a folder and left it on Mr. Pollard's big mahogany desk.

The late-afternoon sun, low in the sky, shone in her eyes as she stepped out into the street. It had been a lovely day and she hesitated, undecided whether to walk a bit of the way home or catch a bus outside the office. She was conscious suddenly of a tall figure standing beside her.

"You're late," said Steve. "I was just beginning to think this was another wild-goose chase. Jump in the car — you've got some fast talking to do, Miss Healing alias Lynn Smith."

"Steve! What in the world . . . ?"

He took her arm and piloted her into the white sports car parked by the kerb. Then he got in beside her and they roared off into the traffic.

"What on earth brings you here?" asked Jan. "How did you know where I worked?"

"Wait a bit," replied Steve. "Can't talk and drive."

The streets were getting empty, and in a short while they were clear of the town. He pulled off the road beside a small lake and switched off the engine. For a moment they sat in silence. A couple of swans cruised up, looking for offerings of food.

"Now," said Steve. "What on earth brings me here? You do. It's simple."

"Explain, please," said Jan in a small voice.

"No," replied Steve. "You explain. Explain why you left

without a word while I was embroiled in the pigsty. Explain why you gave me a false name."

"I did not give you a false name," protested Jan indignantly. "You just got me muddled up with someone who came in with me."

"You could have put me right. But no. Do you know where I have been yesterday? Interviewing the real Lynn Smith, who, in case you have forgotten, lives about as far away from here as you can get without driving into the sea. She told me where to find you."

"Oh, gosh, Steve, I'm sorry. But I still don't see why."

Steve came down to earth. "Look, Jan — funny, that's the first time I've called you by your right name — Jan, it's just one of those things. I haven't slept a wink since you ran out on me. Look at the dark lines under my eyes. All your fault. I just had to see you again."

Jan took a deep breath.

"Steve, before you say any more, I've got a couple of things to tell you," she said, feeling awful. "No, let me finish. I'm not — whatever you think I am. I'm just a common or garden office girl, a fraud. That wedding business was all a great big act. I'm sorry, honestly. I didn't think anything like this would happen."

Steve laughed.

"I know all that," he said.

"Look, let me fill you in a bit on my background, too. My

father's disgustingly rich. That makes me the target of every scheming mother with a sheep-faced daughter to get rid of. My life's a misery. Then, out of the shadows steps you. You don't know who I am, couldn't care less. You're independent, you even do something useful for a living. You're a mystery. Then, just as I think I'm making a little progress you vanish into the shadows again. Is it any wonder I went looking for you?"

Jan did not answer. It was getting dark now, and the first faint star had appeared in the blue-black sky. She couldn't think straight.

"Steve," she said at last, "I think I'd better be getting home now. Mother will be wondering what's happened to me. I'm all in a muddle — will you still be here tomorrow?"

"Sure thing," said Steve. "You won't get another chance to duck out."

They drove back to town slowly. On the way, Jan suddenly said, "What'd you mean, I'm a mystery?"

Steve glanced at her. "The big blue car," he said. "Right from the first I've been wondering where that fitted into the picture."

She pouted. "Right from the first? Did I look such a hick, then?"

He laughed. "No, of course not," he said. "It was just that — well, it was my father's car and I didn't even know he had sold it."

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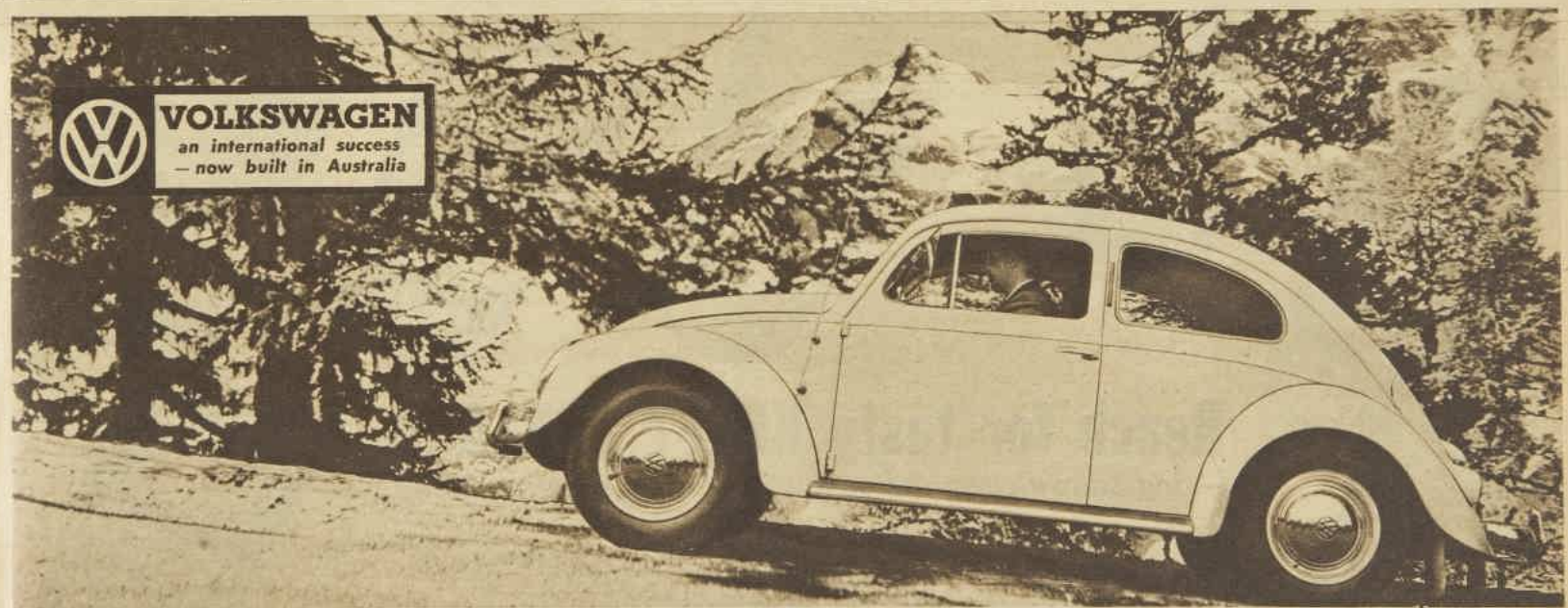


# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning July 22

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p><b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in romance and social life.</p>	<p>★ If a job is chasing you, whether paid or voluntary work, hop in. If paid, it may lead to a worthwhile future. If voluntary, you gain new friends.</p>	<p>★ Many of you decide to throw a party. If you are a parent it will probably be for children. Otherwise the celebration of an anniversary or a bit of good luck.</p>	<p>★ Your best beloved may shower compliments on you right in front of your crowd. If you and the boyfriend take part in any artistic affair, happiness rides high.</p>	<p>★ A deluge of invitations, a whirl on the merry-go-round of popularity may fill your diary. You will be courted and flattered. Don't let a swelled head.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in your own backyard.</p>	<p>★ Working in your own home has its points. You can accomplish various tasks. If you're on holidays or have resigned from a position, you have time for jobs.</p>	<p>★ Your home may be due for a face-lift or a new amenity. If you are building a new home you can think of nothing else. If renting a flat, think of furniture.</p>	<p>★ Arrange at least one date at home this week. If you can pack the family off to the pictures and prepare a grand supper the boyfriend will vote the evening tops.</p>	<p>★ Some of you limit your social life to the home circle, but others throw wide open the door. Whatever you do your place of residence will be the scene of operations.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a short journey.</p>	<p>★ If an honorary secretary, you may be sending out notices to members of a group. If your occupation has any clerical work attached to it, mail will be heavy.</p>	<p>★ A weekend journey might cause you to look up your homestead and go adventuring. It's nice to get away from familiar surroundings, but you return gladly.</p>	<p>★ You and the one-and-only may spend happy hours outdoors. If he can provide the car, you bring the lunch. Pack it attractively for you will be judged on domestic skill.</p>	<p>★ Some make an official expedition in connection with a society or act as a delegate at a conference and report back to your own group, having influence on them.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a crowded building.</p>	<p>★ A mutual exchange of services may be the key to greater efficiency. You may work with an associate or arrange with a neighbor to mind children alternately.</p>	<p>★ Home finances may result in a planning committee being formed. Should it be unanimously decided to budget for a much-destated purchase, co-operation will help.</p>	<p>★ Possibly you must buy a present for someone. It will please the boyfriend's vanity if you ask his advice. This might lead to a ring in a year or so.</p>	<p>★ If you are treasurer you may have a few headaches through the carelessness of others. If on a committee to purchase prices you drive a shrewd bargain.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a dynamic personality.</p>	<p>★ This is your show. Increased responsibilities spell opportunity and you apply all your charm to meet the challenge. You may be put in temporary charge.</p>	<p>★ Home is a background for the homemaker. In choosing your clothes do you take into consideration the color scheme so that you harmonize with your surroundings?</p>	<p>★ If you've been falling in love without knowing it, this week opens your eyes. You've found the one person in the world. You may reach a secret understanding.</p>	<p>★ Any recent storms among friends or associates should have blown over. You put new life into any social enterprise. A magnetic personality takes the lead.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in self-confidence.</p>	<p>★ Don't feel you are wasting your efforts, even if immediate results are not evident. A number of people who count have an eye on you. Promotion ahead.</p>	<p>★ Be selfish and take time for personal affairs. If they include grooming, cleaning, and pressing your frocks, you will receive big dividends in morale.</p>	<p>★ If the horizon appears empty it's merely temporary. Before the next candidate swims into view there are good novels to help you appreciate future romance.</p>	<p>★ Play the lone wolf for a short while and you will find people coming to you and seeking your help. If you are a voluntary worker your importance grows.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in group activities.</p>	<p>★ Work is fun, and fun may mean hard work, but you'll enjoy it. You will not care if it requires overtime, because you will be one of a fine team which wins success.</p>	<p>★ You're off to meet friends, play games or sports, attend club and committee meetings. The housework may be limited to a lick and a promise.</p>	<p>★ If he plays on the team he's there to cheer. If he is a good dancer learn new steps. If he likes records let him hear yours. Friendship turns into romance.</p>	<p>★ Just pure sociability is sufficient warrant for stepping out meeting old friends, and making new ones. You want to be entertained and you choose fun for relaxation.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck before the public.</p>	<p>★ Should you be applying to the government or asking favors from those in authority, you stand a good chance of hitting the jackpot. Stick to your guns.</p>	<p>★ Some may entertain the big shot and his wife. If you plan to do it at home you'll create an excellent impression — and there could be a charming "thank-you" gift.</p>	<p>★ Announce your engagement if you love each other. If too young for marriage you may both attend a big social event. In any case attractive escorts will be around.</p>	<p>★ You may have an honor bestowed upon you or may be publicly thanked for a task. You may fill in an emergency, then find yourself in charge.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in being a student.</p>	<p>★ Your sign is always eager to travel. Work might take you away temporarily or you might be offered a travelling job. In that case seek advice from elders.</p>	<p>★ You leave the beaten track. Whether you explore a new district seeking a flat or whether you join a class in domestic arts and crafts you are sure to find interest.</p>	<p>★ Students, whether full or part time, may discover romance while counting dull textbooks. Offer to lend or ask to borrow a book. It's one way of meeting.</p>	<p>★ Those who are interested in learning a new skill find an outlet for energies. If you attend any classes you discover the social side is pleasant.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in intuition.</p>	<p>★ Work which is routine often pays better than some "cushy" jobs. Regular paydays and regular savings are more substantial than picturequeness.</p>	<p>★ You might make a new luncheon set, design a dashing little hat out of nothing but scraps, or make one of those quick-and-easy dresses. It's all creative.</p>	<p>★ Parents may crack down on too many late nights or believe that your current boyfriend is either too sophisticated or else a rough diamond. Grin and bear it.</p>	<p>★ Some of you decline to co-operate in an enterprise of doubtful value. Others resign from a group on the plea of lack of time, but really through disinterest.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy-blue. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in personal relationships.</p>	<p>★ A friend may raze you in on a job over which you feel little enthusiasm, but it should work out well. There are certain to be congenial workmates.</p>	<p>★ Members of the household stick close to the fire. They may drag you into an odd project which soon occupies all your thoughts. You contribute amendments.</p>	<p>★ You won't lack a partner wherever you go. Popularity and good times are assured. Don't lead a serious boy on if you are not in earnest.</p>	<p>★ Evening entertainment is foretold. Half of you work hard as organizers and the other half merely show up and enjoy themselves. Try to pull your weight.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in energy.</p>	<p>★ You're a demon for driving yourself into mountains of solid work just now. If you bite off more than you can chew, at least you will report solid progress.</p>	<p>★ You discover substitutes and end up quite as pleased with the result as if you had spent far more money, because the matter shows originality.</p>	<p>★ A new friend may be looming up. He might extend a courtesy to you in connection with an ordinary business transaction and you both find shared interests.</p>	<p>★ If you hope for perfection you won't get it. Scrap social activities which become sheer labor. Unless you are honestly having fun and making friends, forget it.</p>



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nose, and he saw that her eyes were brown, with flecks of gold in them. Joe smiled back and kept his eyes strictly on her face. It seemed the polite thing to do, and saved him embarrassment.

However, Joe's embarrassment was something he had to learn to live with. After a time four native men appeared carrying a litter with a canopy of palm leaves, and Joe was loaded aboard and borne in style from the beach to a small village.

He was put in a hut, given food and coconut wine; and because the wine was strong he fell asleep, hoping that when he woke again the whole thing would not turn out to be a dream.

It didn't; and by the next day Joe knew where he was and what it was all about. He had been pulled out of the sea by the six girls who had been out fishing in a canoe, and he was on a small atoll named Alifa, which was one of the Caroline Islands and well off any trade routes. Not for twenty years had a white man been to the island.

But that wasn't the reason why Joe was such a sensation. The explanation was given to him by an old man called Raua, who had once been a mission boy in New Guinea and spoke some English.

"On Alifa," he said, "always plenty more women than men. Six girls who rescue you have no young men to marry. All want be bride to you."

"What? All six?" Joe's eyes widened.

"No, no. We good people. One man, one wife. You marry one girl from six. New blood, new babies, may be plenty boy babies. Not like last time. Gods send white stranger from the sea. He pick bride of gods, but only have damn girl babies. So

Continuing . . .

women put him in boat and send him away . . . Maybe drowned. Perhaps sharks eat."

"You really mean I'm expected to marry one of these six girls?" Joe couldn't get over it.

"Damn sure."

Joe, for the first time in his life, felt that his luck was turning. Usually girls wouldn't look at him. Now he had six to choose from.

At this moment Joe's eye fell on Lei-lei, who came up to the hut with his midday drink of coconut wine. She was the lighter-skinned girl whom he had first noticed on the beach, and much more since.

Although all the young girls looked after him and treated him like a king, Lei-lei went out of her way more than the others to see he had everything. There was no doubt about it that she had taken a fancy to him; and, if the truth had to be known, Joe had taken a fancy to her.

"Well," said Joe, "it won't be difficult to pick the girl I want."

Raua shook his head. "Very difficult to pick. Six girls all want you. No can agree which have you. So, young girls go up to mountain top and dance for gods. Then gods say which one will be bride. Always same thing when more than one girl want same man."

"Doesn't the man get any say in this?" asked Joe indignantly.

"Damn sure, no. Women run things on Alifa. After gods pick bride, young girls come down and dance for you. You pick right one, if not . . ."

"If not, what?"

"Everyone take spears and kill you or gods get angry."

## Death Wore Green

from page 19

"What?" Joe frowned. "But how am I expected to know which one to pick?"

Raua's wrinkled old face split with a sly grin. "You pay Raua well. He tell you when time come how to pick bride of gods. Women no want young man killed. They make plan with Raua. Give sign. Very easy."



"But I've got no money. How can I pay you?"

Raua chuckled. "Fine watch you wear. You make present to Raua? Yes?"

Joe handed over his watch.

There were two weeks to go before the new moon and the bride-picking ceremony. In those days Joe and Lei-lei saw a lot of each other. They went for walks together and Joe taught her a little English, and she told him that she was the daughter of the last white visitor — a Scots engineer who had fallen overboard drunk from his ship.

In no time at all Joe had lost his heart to her, and Lei-lei felt the same way about Joe. On the night before the new moon they walked on the beach together and Joe slipped his arm around her waist.

"If you're not elected, lass," said Joe, "I don't know what I'll do. No, that's not honest. No man wants his back full of spears. Oh, damn!"

Lei-lei looked up at him tenderly. "Lei-lei love Joe. Joe love

Raua would tip the young white man off which girl to pick.

As dusk began to fall, the sound of singing was heard from the jungle, and then into the village clearing came the procession of young girls, all carrying torches.

Joe, sitting on a dais in the centre of the clearing with Raua beside him, said, "Come on, Raua—how do I tell?" He was overanxious, angry, and a little tipsy from too much coconut wine. Fine thing that a man couldn't choose his own wife!

Raua said, "Very easy, Raua, he arrange sign. All girls wear grass skirts, each different color, green, yellow, so on—but bride of gods wear red skirt." And with that Raua slipped away.

Joe sat there with Raua's words singing in his head. Pick the girl with the red skirt. But how could he?

"Hey, Raua!" he shouted for the old man, but Raua was lost among the dancers. Wasn't it just his luck, thought Joe, his heart sinking as he saw the villagers, spears in hand, watching him. For any other man to pick out the one girl among the six in a red skirt it would have been easy.

But not for Joe. One of the things that had always embarrassed him, could even have been the reason for a certain inferiority complex in him, was the fact that he was color blind and couldn't tell red from green. All reds looked green to him.

The young girls swirled round him, clapping their hands and swaying, all of them wearing grass skirts and garlands of flowers. Wilder and wilder grew the dance, and then suddenly with a great shout they stopped and stood silently before him.

Joe rose, his eyes sweeping along the row. There was a

cold sweat on his brow. For the life of him he couldn't tell which was wearing the red skirt. Out of the six girls he eliminated four, but both the last two seemed to him to be wearing green. And Lei-lei was one of the two. But did she have the red skirt or the other?

Then, because he loved Lei-lei, Joe stepped down, said a silent prayer to himself that he might be right, and took her by the hand.

The next moment, from the howl of rage that went up from all the other women and the sudden flash of spear tips in the torchlight, he knew that he had chosen wrong.

Lei-lei saved him. She turned and ran for the jungle, dragging Joe with her.

Joe never understood how they made it, but they did. Lei-lei went like the wind and he followed. Half an hour later the sound of pursuit was far behind them and when they reached the other side of the island, Lei-lei found a fishing canoe and they pushed off into the darkness. Two days later a liner picked them up.

They keep a little restaurant now and a more devoted couple it would be hard to find. They've got two boys and a girl, and when the kids are in bed at night Lily Barker looks across at her Joe thinking what a wonderful man he is. The bravest in the world . . . the kind of man who for love of her defied the island gods and risked death from her people's spears.

And Joe, for his part, has become expert at hiding his color blindness. Although he loves her with all his heart he has had the good sense not to tell her the truth behind his choice. After all, in the happiest marriage, there's no harm in keeping some things to yourself.

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that I can see you. Get out, Charlotte. And no listening at the door. Go down to the kitchen and order two trays for dinner. Go on, hurry up. And take these things away first." She pushed the missal and prayer books on the table out of the way. The terriers climbed up and settled themselves on her lap, and she remained silent until the servant went out of the room. I lit a cigarette, feeling her eyes upon me still.

"Well," she said, "where were you?"

I guessed that everything Renee and Marie-Noel knew of my morning had already been told: the drive to Villars, the expedition to the market, the visit to the bank, and possibly, through a telephone call to the clerk, the actual moment of my leaving it. The fact that she asked where I had been showed ignorance of the house by the canal. This was something, then, which Jean de Gue withheld from his mother.

"I had business," I said. "You left the bank before half-past twelve," she said, "and it's now half-past six."

"Perhaps I drove to Le Mans," I said.

"Not in the Renault. It was in the Place de la Republique all afternoon. The man who drove Renee home reported seeing it when he returned to the garage in Villars. I told Renee to telephone and ask him."

I smiled. The itching curiosity was blatant, like a child's.

"If you want the truth," I said, "I was trying to avoid Renee. And I succeeded. That's all I'm going to tell you. You can question me until midnight and you won't be any the wiser."

She chuckled, and I saw that once again my instinct not to lie had proved my salvation. "I don't blame you," she said. "Don't give in to her, or she'll prove insatiable."

"She hasn't enough to do," I said. "None of you women have enough to do."

"I had plenty to do once," she said, "when your father was alive, in the old days, before the war and before you married. There were no women sitting about idle then. Empty-headed fools like Francoise and Renee were children in their teens. I had something to live for. So had Blanche."

The sudden venom in her voice startled me. I looked up, and the mouth was narrow, hard, like her daughter's, and the eyes that had mocked me a moment ago were veiled under the hooded lids.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You know very well what I mean," she said, and then, as swiftly as it had come, her expression changed again, the mouth sagged, relaxed, and she shrugged her shoulders. "I'm old and ill, that's my trouble," she said, "and it bores me, and it will bore you when your time

Continuing . . .

## The Scapegoat

[from page 21]

comes. We're too much alike. We don't want to be bothered with our own ailments or anybody else's. How is Francoise this evening?"

I felt I had been near to some inner core of revelation that, could I perceive it for a moment, would bring understanding of what went on under the folds of flesh, but the new question came from another quarter, the quiet, elaborately casual tone was that of someone without heart or feeling.

"As you know, I missed Lebrun," I said. "He's going to telephone me later. She has to stay in bed. She isn't at all well."

I watched her fingers beating a tattoo on the arm of her

"If so, it's partly for your sake," she said. "You always say the chateau is too cold. Come over here."

I went towards her slowly, against my will. Those eyes of hers, so like her son's, so like my own confronted in a mirror, surely had intuition of the masquerade. She reached for my hands and held them.

"Are you developing a conscience at long last?" she asked.

They say the touch of hands reveals the self. A child puts his into an adult's, and knows instinctively whether to trust or to dislike. Two nights ago these hands had clutched and



chair. It went to a definite rhythm—three and two and three again. Glancing at her I saw that she was not conscious of this; she did not even know that her fingers moved. The tattoo was keeping pace with a thought not clearly formed, to which she might, or might not, give expression.

"I saw Lebrun myself," she said. "He won't tell you any more than he told me. He's a bungler, and he won't admit it. She's going to have trouble with this baby, just as she did with the last—I've known it all along. The only difference is that this time she's succeeded in carrying it longer."

The tattooing on the chair-arm continued. I watched it, oddly fascinated.

"Francoise doesn't want a specialist," I said. "I suggested it just now."

"You suggested it?" she asked. "Whatever for?"

"Why surely," I said, "if there's going to be difficulty, any sort of trouble . . ." Unaccountably, her eyes meeting mine, discomfort seized me. I remembered the terms of the Marriage Settlement, and that if Francoise died without giving birth to a son the whole vast dowry would be divided between Jean de Gue and Marie-Noel.

The room, already stifling, became suddenly unbearable. I got up, loosening my collar. I felt her eyes upon my back as I went over to the window, but she did not say anything as I stood there, wrestling with the shutters. I threw them back, lifting the sash of one of the windows, and leant out, drawing in a deep breath of air. Dusk had come, and with it mist.

I shut the window and looked back into the room. She was watching me still, but her hands no longer beat a tattoo on the chair.

"What's wrong with you?" she said. "You're nervous, aren't you?"

"No," I answered. "I couldn't breathe, that's all. You keep this room too warm."

pleaded, panic-stricken, lost, and now this evening they were stronger than mine, the grip was firm, the pressure ruthless.

Her hands neither gave confidence nor sapped it: they turned the assurance I had to a different plane. The faith she had in her son was so intense that even if she did not know his secrets, or share more than a small part of his life, it was as though he remained within her, bound and sightless as he had been before birth, and she would never loose him.

"Don't let's become sentimental," she said, "and trouble ourselves over what fate sends us. It's too late, for you and for me. Life isn't a short affair, as everybody likes to make out; it's long, much too long. We are neither of us going to die for years. Let us both be comfortable, if we can."

A DISCREET tap at the door revealed Charlotte with the tray, followed by Germaine with a second, and once again there was the ritual of the meal, now familiar to me. The first evening the comtesse had barely tasted food, but tonight she sipped up her soup with soft pieces of bread, mashing it to a broth, her eyes intent, her chin nearly touching her plate. I thought of the ham and cheese and fruit in the house in Villars, and my companion there, and I wondered what Bela's life was in the evening; whether she went out and dined with friends, whether she sat alone, how it would seem there with the shutters closed. The mother turned to me, "Why are you so silent? What are you thinking about?"

"A woman," I said. "Nobody you know."

"Does she suit you?"

"Yes."

"That's all that matters."

Charlotte brought us creme caramel in little pots. The dogs waited expectantly, paws lifted.

"So you let Marie-Noel drive back from Villars with Julie

and her grandson," she continued. "She came to me full of it, said she preferred it to the Renault. Who drove, I asked? One of the workmen, she said, the young one with curly hair. She said she liked his smile. Tell that to your Aunt Blanche, I said. See what she has to say."

So Madame Yves was Julie. I was relieved. In the return to find Francoise ill in bed I had forgotten the child and the lorry.

"All children like driving in lorries," I said. "I probably did the same myself."

"You?" she laughed. "Better forget what you got up to at her age."

There was a knock on the door. "Who is it?" she called. "Come in. I hate people who knock on doors."

Germaine stood in the doorway. "Dr. Lebrun on the telephone for Monsieur le Comte," she said.

"Thank you," I got up, laying down my napkin on the tray.

"Better say good-night to me now. I shall be tired directly. Tell the old fool not to panic. All Francoise has to do is to keep her feet up, and she may produce a boy. Kiss me, then." The hands gripped me once again, the eyes held mine. "None of this nonsense about specialists. They cost too much," she said.

I went out of the room, down the stairs, and to the telephone in the cloakroom. Marie-Noel, in her dressing-gown, was waiting by the instrument. She looked at me anxiously, her face pale.

"Can I listen in Aunt Blanche's room?" she asked.

"Certainly not," I said. "Dr. Lebrun wants to speak to me."

"Will you tell me what he says afterwards?"

"I don't know." I pushed her out of the way, went into the cloakroom, and shut the door. I said "Hullo?" and the voice of the doctor answered, high-pitched, elderly, running on and on in a flurry of words.

"Good evening, Monsieur le Comte, it was so unfortunate that we missed each other this morning. I was in Villars this afternoon and could have seen you there, even, had I known where to find you. Now I found Madame la Comtesse Jean in a highly nervous state, very apprehensive about herself, and certainly any agitation at this stage might easily bring things on before the natural term, and taking into consideration the difficulties she has had before, her anaemia and so on, she might have considerable trouble. In fact, it is essential that she should have complete rest during the next few days; this moment during the seventh month can be critical, you understand; I am not alarming you in any way?"

He paused two seconds to draw breath, and I asked him whether he would like a consultation with a specialist.

"Not at present," he said. "If your wife rests all should be well. For the event itself I would suggest that she go to the clinic at Le Mans, but that can be discussed in a few weeks. At any rate, I shall be in touch with you constantly, and will give you another ring tomorrow. By the way, you are expecting me on Sunday, I suppose?"

Perhaps it was his custom to take lunch at the chateau on Sunday, or pay not a visit of inspection to his patients, but a ceremonial call.

"Of course," I said. "We shall be delighted to see you."

"Luckily your bedroom faces the front. Your wife will not be disturbed. Very well, then, we shall meet on Sunday."

"Au revoir, doctor."

I hung up the receiver. Your wife will not be disturbed . . . Was Sunday lunch so convivial that the sound of merriment echoed through the salon and rang to the rafters of the chateau? It was unlikely, and I wondered what he meant. I went out of the cloakroom and Marie-Noel was still there. "Well?" she asked quickly. "What did he say?"

"He said Maman was to stay in bed."

"Is the baby ready to come?"

"No."

I COULD hear Paul talking to Renee in the dining-room. They had not yet finished dinner. I went into the salon, the child following me.

"Papa," she said, and she was whispering now, "is Maman ill because I broke the porcelain and made her unhappy?"

"No," I said, "it's got nothing to do with it."

I sat down on the arm of the chair and pulled her to me. "What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Why are you so nervous?"

Her eyes flickered away from me, looked at everything in the room but me.

"I don't see why you want it," she said at last. "I don't see why you want to have this baby. Maman thinks it is a nuisance. She told Aune Renee a long time ago that she wished she didn't have to have it."

Her question, so full of anxiety, was surely logical. Why was her mother obliged to have a child she did not want? I wished she could have asked the

reason of Jean de Gue. I made a sorry substitute. In the circumstance it seemed easiest to tell the truth as I saw it myself.

"It's peculiar," I said, "and rather cold-blooded, really. Your grandfather Bruyere had a lot of money. He tied it up in such a way that your father and mother can't use any of it unless they have a son. So, even though they are perfectly content with their one daughter, it would make things much easier financially if they could have a son."

The instant look of relief upon her face was as though she had been given a blessed antidote to physical pain.

"Oh," she said, "is that all? Just for money?"

"Yes," I said. "Mercenary, isn't it?"

"Not at all," she said. "I think it's very sensible. Does it mean the more boys you have the more money you and Maman get for yourselves?"

"Hardly," I said. "It just works for one."

In an excess of emotional release she slipped off my knee and turned a somersault from the sofa on to the floor, dressing-gown and nightgown flying over her head. Shouting with laughter, her head hidden in the bunch of clothes, her body bare, she walked backwards to the screen as Blanche and Renee and Paul came into the room.

Blanche stood still, her eyes fastening on to the naked, capering animal into which the child had turned.

"What do you think you're doing?" she said swiftly. "Pull

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## Continuing The Scapegoat

down your dressing-gown at once."

Marie-Noel turned, shook herself free, the dressing-gown falling about her, and, perceiving her adult audience, stood and smiled.

"It's all right, Aunt Blanche," she said. "Papa and Maman only do it for money, not because they want children. And that's why everyone in the world tries for boys—it's good for finance." She ran towards me and caught my hand, turning me round to face the relatives with a happy, proprietary air.

"You know, Papa," she said, "Aunt Blanche told me that after you were born, when she was a little girl, everyone stopped loving her, nobody took any notice of her any more, and it was one of the lessons in humility that turned her to God. But when my little brother arrives everything will go on just the same. You will love me as much as ever, and perhaps the Sainte Vierge will teach me a different lesson in humility, not the one she taught Aunt Blanche."

It must have struck her that the frozen faces of her aunts and uncle did not reflect her own satisfaction. She glanced at me uncertainly, then back again to the sisters-in-law. Of the two women, Renee, if it were possible, looked the more outraged and shocked. The child sensed this, and smiled at her graciously.

"After all," she said, "there are other virtues besides humility. I could learn to have patience, like Aunt Renee. It's not everyone who can grow a baby. She has been married for three years to Uncle Paul, and nothing has happened to her yet."

It seemed to me that I had reason to bless Francoise: her weakness gave me an excuse for absence upstairs. It was far simpler to sit with her in the bedroom than down below in the salon with Paul and Renee. I went upstairs and put the child to bed, and when she was settled and tucked in for the night I returned to Francoise and did the same for her. I fetched hot water from the bathroom and a sponge and soap and towel; then toothbrush and powder, pins for her hair, the pot of cream, the night-cap that tied with the ribbon under the chin.

Her gratitude was intense. She kept saying in wonder and surprise that I was kind.

"It's nothing," I answered. "What else would you expect?"

"I'm not used to it," she said. "You're not thoughtful as a rule. I've often come up early to bed, feeling tired, and you've stayed down talking to Paul and Renee. But perhaps you're avoiding them tonight in case they ask you what you were doing in Villars?"

She was as intuitive in her own way as the child was in hers, and I wondered as I kissed her and turned out the light whether she realised instinctively that I had disclosed only part of what had happened during the day.

As I went back to the dressing-room I remembered the letter from the lawyer Talbert which I had brought away from the bank. It was still in my pocket, and I took it out and read it. It was mercifully clear. The foundry, he said, was running at a steady loss—that at least I already knew—and bankruptcy could only be avoided if it was subsidised from some other source, by the sale of land or securities, for instance, as Bela had suggested.

The writer said that he would be glad to come to St. Gilles and discuss the matter with me at any time that

sued me and, as the matter was urgent, suggested that I might take the earliest opportunity to arrange an appointment. Presumably it was this letter which had made it so vital that Jean should see the Carvalet people in person and persuade them, if he could, to agree to more favorable terms.

The following day was Saturday and I decided to go down to the foundry first thing in the morning before Paul had dressed and had his coffee to see if there was a letter from Carvalet. The directors could hardly have consulted before Friday and a letter written afterwards would surely arrive today. I was up and round to the garage for the car before Gaston had come to brush my clothes and take away my tray.

This time Cesar let me pass without barking, and when I reached through his gate to pat him and he wagged his tail I felt that I had scored a triumph. Nobody was about as I turned left out of the village and up the hill to the straight forest road, and nothing of what I did seemed strange at all. It was all part of my life, more so than anything that had been in other days, this speeding along the smooth road between the oak trees and the chestnuts. And the feeling stayed with me when I drew the car to a standstill beside the gate of the foundry and, getting out and slamming the door, called good day to the men already at work.

As I crossed the rough ground to the house behind the big foundry shed I met the postman walking away from it, and I knew my instinct to come early had been right. I went swiftly to the office door, and there was Jacques sorting the letters beside the desk. He turned round, looking at me in surprise.

"Bonjour, Monsieur le Comte, I didn't think you would be here this morning. Monsieur Paul said neither of you would be down."

At once I wondered why Paul should have told him so. Was it some sort of holiday?

"I thought Carvalet might have written," I said. "I'm expecting a personal letter from one of the directors."

He went on staring at me. Perhaps my brisk manner was unusual.

"I hope nothing is wrong?" he said.

"So do I," I replied. "Have you the mail there? Let's see if there is anything from them."

He looked down at the small pile of letters in his hand, and second from the top was a long envelope with the Carvalet stamped address.

"There it is," I said. "Thank you, Jacques."

I took it from him, and discreetly he moved away to the table in the middle of the room, while I read the letter with my back to the window. It was all right. It confirmed the telephone conversation and it enclosed the contract, extended for a further six months, drawn up on the new terms. The letter expressed satisfaction that the two firms had, after all, come to an agreement.

"Jacques," I said, "have you got our contract there? The old one?"

"You have it, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "in the file on your desk."

"Look for it, will you," I asked, "and I'll glance through the rest of the mail?"

He did not question me, but

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## FILM FAN-FARE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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**1 ABOVE.** Dedicated comrade Ninotchka (Charisse) receives instructions before leaving Russia for Paris on a delicate cultural mission.



**2 RIGHT.** In Paris, U.S. film man Canfield (Astaire) detains Soviet envoys Peter Lorre, Joseph Buloff, and Jules Munchin with hospitality.



**3 TAKING OVER,** and threatening legal action, Ninotchka finds nothing can be done till next day. The wily Canfield then suggests that she let him take her on a tour of Paris.



**4 REASON** for the envoys' presence in Paris, Russian composer Wim Sonneveld (right), whom they were sent to bring home, meets Janis Paige arriving to star in Canfield's film.

## Remake of "Ninotchka"



**5 ABOVE.** A sparkling Ninotchka returns to her hotel suite after a romantic midnight tour of the city with Canfield, and delights the three astounded envoys with her gaiety and clothes.

**6 RIGHT.** Reunited after Ninotchka, feeling she has betrayed herself through an emotional attachment, decides to return to Moscow, the pair agree that their love is all that matters.



★ The M.G.M. musical "Silk Stockings" is the old Carbo film "Ninotchka" brought up to date with the addition of witty Cole Porter music and lyrics, color photography, a wide screen, and new dance sequences featuring its stars Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse.

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# The third Mrs. Rex Harrison

By LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

Not since the days of Carole Lombard has Hollywood known anything quite like Kay Kendall, the third Mrs. Rex Harrison.

**E**VEN her marriage was unconventional. It was held just after midnight, in deepest secrecy. To put newshounds off the scent, Kay, in a plain beige day-dress, had been present at the evening performance of Rex's smash-hit Broadway show, "My Fair Lady."

Kay (it was her first marriage) was attended by her sister, Mrs. Kim Stevens. Rex's best man was his lawyer, Aaron R. Frosh.

Although it was Rex's third marriage (his previous wives were Colette Thomas and actress Lilli Palmer), Rex was so nervous that Dr. Charles Petter, of New York's Universalist Church, had to shorten the ceremony.

And even then it needed Aaron Frosh to remind him to kiss his bride.

The British actress, who blew her way to fame tooting a trumpet in the film "Genevieve," arrived in Hollywood last February like a swirling cyclone.

From the moment she stepped on stage to face the cameras shooting the musical "Les Girls" until the day she boarded a plane to take her to New York and the arms of Rex Harrison, she had Hollywood in stitches.

It was Bing Crosby who named Kay "The British Carole Lombard."

He said: "Kay Kendall, as was Carole, is in love with life. She's generous, warm-hearted, and blessed with a pitiful sense of humor. She is the type of person who makes you feel good just because you know her."

Visitors to the set soon discovered that Kay Kendall possesses a very colorful and uninhibited vocabulary.

"My parents tried to send me to a convent in Scotland when I was young," she explains. "But I ran away and continued to hang around backstage in theatres. I guess I just picked up the language."

Oddly enough, this madcap Englishwoman's greatest asset is her ability to poke fun at herself.

"Ridiculing myself is about the only way I can get through this lifetime," she explains.

If the British star talked about others the way she does about herself she would be the most hated actress in the world. For example, when she reported for her first dancing sequences in the film, she told her co-workers she was worried about her dancing.

"I have kangaroo legs," she said.

On another occasion a reporter remarked that several photographs of her were stunning.

"I look like a female impersonator," she retorted, startling the newsmen.



ABOVE: Tall, leggy, and gorgeous, Kay poses in one of the showgirl costumes she will wear in her new film, "Les Girls."

RIGHT: Kay and Rex at their "first wedding." They were "married" first in their co-starring film "The Constant Husband."



KAY KENDALL and her husband, Rex Harrison, after their midnight marriage. Kay was attended by her sister, Kim. Rex was so nervous he forgot to kiss his bride.

The director of "Les Girls," George Cukor, had this to say about her: "With most actresses you have to spend time soft-peddling their ego so it doesn't get in the way of their performance."

"With Kay it's just the opposite. She's so modest you have to build up her self-confidence so she'll believe she can do what you, as a director, know she's capable of."

## Popular girl

Kay's friendship wasn't only with the top names in Hollywood. When the picture was finished, the hairdressers and make-up girls who had worked with Kay chipped in money and threw a party for her. The rest of the stars were not invited.

Kay was born into the theatre. She is the daughter of two dancers. Her grandmother was Marie Kendall, famous stage actress of the Edwardian era.

Kay and her sister, Kim, toured England in musical comedies and variety shows and, at 17, Kay won the lead

opposite Sid Field in "London Town," supposedly England's most ambitious musical film. As it turned out, the picture was a flop, and so was Kay.

After that she got a role in "Lady Godiva Rides Again," which also served as Joan Collins' movie debut. This led to a contract with Rank and half a dozen good films.

Then she did the role in "Genevieve," which brought her career to its present zenith.

It was during the filming of "The Constant Husband," which starred Kay and Harrison, that rumors began circulating that she and the handsome British actor were in love, and that he and his second wife, Lilli Palmer, would soon divorce.

The rumors were vigorously denied by all three stars. But the gossip persisted. Harrison went to Broadway, Lilli Palmer remained in England, and later Kay joined Harrison in New York, coming to Hollywood afterwards.

Soon after her arrival in Hollywood she and Harrison announced the rumors were true. They did plan to marry.

Studio executives here have expressed some doubt as to whether, now that she is married, Kay will continue making films once her contract expires. Her career, they say, will definitely be secondary to her marriage.

Besides, she told her American bosses, "I hate making pictures. I much prefer the stage."

So today all Hollywood is wondering if the tall, spicy actress will be back to treat them to more of her zany humor.

Producer Sol C. Siegel says: "We'd be delighted to get her back. She could be one of the most brilliant stars in Hollywood if she wanted to."

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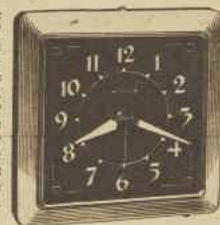
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the expression on his face showed bewilderment. I watched him search through a file in a prominent position on the desk, while I flipped through the remaining letters, which were bills and receipts. He handed me the contract without a word, and I sat down at the desk and compared the two. The wording was identical, except for the crucial matter of the terms of sale. Knowing nothing of the business, nothing of the output of the foundry, I could at least seize the salient fact that in the future Carvalet would pay less for the products sent them.

I felt in my pocket for the lawyer's letter and laid it before me, beside the contracts. "I want to run through the figures," I said to Jacques. "Wages, production costs, the whole outfit."

He stared. "You saw them recently," he said. "You and Monsieur Paul and I checked everything before you went to Paris."

"I want to do it again," I said.

It took us about an hour and a half. It was tedious, incomprehensible, and fascinating, and when we had done, and he went through to the kitchen to make some coffee, I was able to compare the final figures he had given me with what they would become under the new contract. The answer was that something in the nature of five million francs would have to be found from the personal account of Jean de Gue to balance costs.

I saw his reason for closing down. There was nothing else he could do, if he did not want to sell land or securities. The glass foundry had been losing money under the old contract: under the new one it ceased to exist as a business at all. It became a luxurious toy, as ephemeral and brittle as the glass it made. My blundering sentiment had cost the owners dear.

I took the new contract, put it with both the letters in my coat pocket, and went through to the kitchen to find Jacques.

There, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "a little refreshment after so much work." He

handed me a cup of steaming coffee. "I am still marvelling at your success in Paris," he said. "You went really with no hope at all, more as a formality than anything else. But it proves the value of personal contact."

"No one," I said, "will be out of work. That's the important thing."

HE raised his eyebrows. "Were you so concerned about the men?" he asked. "I hadn't realised that. Actually, after the first shock they would soon have found employment. They've been prepared for a close-down for a long time."

I drank my coffee, disillusioned. Perhaps I had meddled to no purpose after all. Someone knocked on the outer door and, excusing himself, he went back to the office. I looked about me and saw that I was standing in a fair-sized kitchen that must once have done duty for a family, the door beyond leading through to the rest of the house. Curious, I opened it, and saw a broad stone passage, with other rooms leading off it and a staircase rising to the floor above. I crossed the passage and looked into the rooms. They were empty, unfurnished, the walls discolored, paint cracking, dust thick upon the floors.

In the farthest one of all, a fine, square room with panelled walls, there were large pieces of furniture stacked against a wall, cases of crockery, chairs piled high one upon the other, the whole giving an appearance of neglect, as though the owner had put all his possessions to one side and forgotten about them. An old almanac was pinned to the wall, the date 1941, and beside it was a box of books. I bent down and opened one of the books. Inside was written "Maurice Duval."

A fluttering sound by the window made me turn my head. It was a butterfly, the last of the long summer, woken

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by sunshine, seeking escape from the cobwebs that imprisoned it. I tried to lift the window, but it was jammed. It could not have been opened for years. I released the butterfly from its prison, and it hovered a moment on the sill, then settled once more amongst the cobwebs.

I heard footsteps coming through from the direction of the kitchen. Jacques stood in the doorway, watching me. He hesitated, then advanced and waited uncertainly in the middle of the room.

"Were you looking for something, Monsieur le Comte?" he asked.

His manner was diffident, embarrassed. I wondered if he was in charges of these things, and whether I had broken

**All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.**

some sort of family etiquette by exploring the house.

"Why do we go on keeping all this?" I said, pointing to the furniture.

He stared at me, then shifted his eyes. "It's for you to say, Monsieur le Comte," he replied.

I looked away from him, back to the stored furniture. There was something depressing about it, unused, forgotten, stacked there against the wall, and the room must have been lived in once, a salon or dining-room.

"It seems such a waste," I said.

"Indeed, yes," he answered.

I considered whether I dared venture a question, a question that Jean de Gue would never have put because he would know the answer.

"Do you think we ought to make use of these rooms?" I said. "Get someone to live in the house instead of letting it stand empty?"

At first he did not answer. He went on standing there, ill

at ease, looking about him at the room and the furniture, but not at me. Then he said, "Who would you suggest should come here now?"

It was not an answer, merely another question, giving me no clue how to proceed. I strolled to the window and looked out. The sheds were away to the left, and to the right were farm buildings. Both were separated from the house and its immediate piece of garden by fences. There had been a paved path once, leading to the house from the road, and beside it stood a well, broken, no longer used.

"Why don't you live here yourself?" I asked.

His discomfort became even plainer, and I could tell from his expression that he thought I was attacking him in some way.

"My wife and I are very content where we are in Lauray," he said. "It is, after all, only a short distance away, no further than you are at St. Gilles. My wife likes to be where there is company. It would be too isolated for her here, besides which . . ." he broke off, distressed.

"Besides what?" I asked.

"Everybody would think it a little strange," he said. "No one has lived here for so long, and then . . . you must excuse me, Monsieur le Comte, but there are not very happy memories connected with the house when it was last inhabited. Few people would wish to live here now." Once more he hesitated, and then, seeming to gather courage, went quickly on, his words spilling out as if he were driven by something stronger than respect.

"Monsieur le Comte," he said, "had there been fighting in the grounds of the foundry, a battle between soldiers, that is something one accepts. But when the last man to live here, the master of the foundry, Monsieur Duval, is woken from his bed in the middle of the night, and taken downstairs and shot by his own countrymen, and his

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body thrown into the well, cut to pieces with his own glass, even if it happened a long time ago and is something we all prefer to forget, yet it does not make anybody very anxious to come and live here, where it happened, bringing a wife and family."

I did not answer him. There was nothing I could say. The butterfly made another limp struggle to free itself from the cobweb, and, as I put my hand to it again to save it from the death it refused to avoid, my line of vision was caught by the rusted wrought-iron of the ancient well, the stonework defaced, nettles at the base.

"No," I said slowly. "You are right, of course."

I turned and left the room and went along the stone passage to the kitchen, and thence to the office. I stood by the desk for a moment, looking down at the bills and receipts and letters, but there was nothing further for me to do. I knew now about the figures—as much, probably, as I should ever know. The foundry would continue to run until somebody, some day, discovered there was no more money to pay the wages or the bills.

"If you will give me an envelope addressed to Monsieur Mercier at Carvalet," I said to Jacques, who had followed me, "I can post their copy of the contract on my way back. I'll keep the duplicate."

But his camaraderie had vanished. We were both thinking of the empty part of the house, and a return to finance and business was out of the question.

"I only came down about the figures," I said. "There is no need to mention it to Monsieur Paul."

"No, Monsieur le Comte," he replied. He took an envelope out of the desk drawer and addressed and stamped it. As he gave it to me he said, the friendliness once more in his voice, "You are expecting me tomorrow? I think it's going to be fine. They gave a good forecast on the radio this morning. Half-past ten, then, at the chateau."

He stepped forward to open

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the door for me, and I said, "Till tomorrow," and went out into the yard. Tomorrow was Sunday. Perhaps he and his wife came to Mass at St. Gilles and, with Dr. Lebrun, joined the family afterwards.

Something made me turn left outside the house and pass through the small gate into the neglected orchard where Julie had been hoeing the vegetables the first afternoon. I wondered why the murdered Maurice Duval, who had once been master here, and the nature of his death, ugly, cruel, symbolic of all hatreds between people of the same race divided against each other, should suddenly seem my responsibility, something whose memory must not be allowed to suppurate unseen, but should be opened up and cleansed.

I left the orchard and went back past the sheds to the entrance of the foundry, and there, standing by the small lodge, was Julie, her arms full of greenstuff. I called good day to her, and once again I was struck by the honesty of her face, the warmth and shrewdness of the brown eyes, the solidity and strength of her body. I knew that it was not sentiment on my part which made me trust her, but some intuition deep within myself that made me respond to her instinctively, as I had responded to Bela of Villars.

"You're an early one, Monsieur le Comte," she called. "It's not often we see you at the foundry on a Saturday morning, either. How are you? And how is the young Comtesse? Not so well yesterday, they told me."

News must travel fast in a small neighborhood. Then I remembered how she had taken Marie-Noel back to the chateau from Villars, and had talked no doubt to the servants afterwards.

"She has to take things quietly," I said. "She was better last night when I got home. I must apologise, Julie. The child went and bothered you yesterday in Villars. I didn't realise

where she was or what she intended to do—they gave me a muddled message in the bank."

She laughed and gestured with her hands. "It's not for you to apologise, Monsieur Jean, but for me to thank you. We were just returning from the station, and there she was, running out of the Porte de Ville like a piece of quicksilver. Naturally I made young Gustave stop the lorry. I couldn't understand why the child was alone, and then she told me that her Papa was in the bank, and nothing would content her

the same; and yet one of them had grown awry, twisted, and in a strange way maimed, and it was because of something within herself that had never flourished.

"Julie," I said—and I knew that what I was asking would seem strange to her coming at this moment, and was anyway something that Jean de Gue would have known and therefore never asked—"Julie, how was it, here at St. Gilles, during the Occupation?"

Oddly, she did not seem surprised at the question. Perhaps, then, de Gue might have asked it: perhaps he might have felt, as I did, that this



"I take back everything I said about this neater you knitted for me."

but to come with us. We were only too pleased to have her, a sunbeam in the dark lorry. She never stopped talking from Villars to St. Gilles."

I had followed her to the patch of ground beside the lodge, where the few square yards were crammed with vegetables and flowers, and I watched her feed some rabbits in a hutch, talking to them all the while. I thought of the Comtesse at the chateau feeding sugar to the terrier dogs. Suddenly it seemed to me that both women were strong, virile, tender, fundamentally

peasant woman, so close to the heart of things, might add a corner to the picture which no one else could.

"You understand, Monsieur Jean," she said after a moment or two, "that for a person like yourself, who was away fighting in the Resistance, war is something that is planned and carried out by the intellect. It is rather like a game that either succeeds or fails. But to those who are left behind it is very different."

"It is like being in a prison without bars, and nobody knows who is the criminal, who is the gaoler, who is telling lies,

which person has betrayed whom. People no longer have faith. If something you thought strong turns out to be weak, you are ashamed and wonder who is at fault. Is the weakness mine, is it yours, you ask, but nobody knows the answer and no one will take the blame."

"But you," I persisted, "what did you do, Julie? What did you think?"

"Me?" she asked. "What could I do but go on living here, as I had done for years, growing my vegetables, feeding my hens, looking after my poor husband, who was still alive, and saying to myself, 'This has happened before, it will happen again, it has to be endured?'"

She smiled at me and added, "Come in the lodge, Monsieur Jean, let me show you something."

I followed her into the small building, about the size of the dovecot on the chateau lawn. There was a stove in one corner with a pipe to the roof, a wooden table, a chair, and a cupboard the full length of the wall.

She took a key from a pocket in her skirt beneath the apron and reached up to the locked cupboard. It was full of papers, books, and crockery, but neatly arranged, not huddled together in disorder. "Wait," she said, "I have it here somewhere." She searched among some papers and then brought out an exercise book, opened it, took an envelope from the middle, opened that, and from the envelope brought out a snapshot.

"There," she said, "you asked me about the Occupation. They accused me of being a collaborator because of this boy."

The snapshot was of a young soldier in German uniform. There was nothing very striking about him. He was not posing or smiling, merely young.

"What did he do?" I asked. "Do?" she said. "He did nothing. He was simply here for a few months with many others. He was in trouble one day. There was to be an inspection and he had stained his uniform messing with some

dye. He came to me and asked in his sign language a few words mixed in it could clean it so that he would not be punished. Monsieur Jean, I thought of my own boys, Andre, who was a painter, and Albert, who was killed, and there was this of the same age standing far from his home, asking who could have been his mother, to clean the stain from his jacket."

"Of course I cleaned it for him. And he came back afterwards and thanked me and gave me this snapshot. It made no difference to me whether he was German or Japanese, he had fallen from the moon. There was no doubt killed later, many others—they were born to die those boys, ours well. But because I cleaned his jacket the map of St. Gilles and many others did not speak to me, no, for two years. So you see when war comes to one's village, one's own doorstep isn't tragic and impersonal longer. It is just an excuse, vomit private hatred. This is why I am not a great patriot, Monsieur Jean, and why I do not care to discuss the Occupation in St. Gilles."

I gave her back the snapshot and she replaced it with the rest of the letters and papers and books in the cupboard. Then she turned to her lined, weatherbeaten face, calm and impassive.

"So," she said, "everything is forgotten in time. The life. But if I had shown you that snapshot some years ago, Monsieur le Comte, I would be here today, would I? I would round the neck for Julie, and the nearest tree the forest out there."

I said nothing because could not. War had not touched my country as it had hers. Hatred, cruelty, terror, these were emotions I had never known. I had only experienced failure and futility in my own person. I could understand the Jean de Gue who had run away from responsibilities, leaving me

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JERSEY DRESS goes Grecian for evening wear or, as shown below right, worn with a shaped belt for daytime.

## A dress with personality

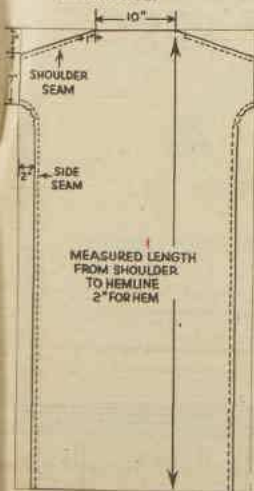
By DAWN JAMES

Between-season wear is a problem, but the answer lies in this versatile jersey dress made all-in-a-piece.

IT'S a dress that has no shape until it is belted or tied at the waist, and then it becomes as chic as you could wish. Warning: it needs a slim waistline.

**Materials Required:** 1½ to 2 yards tubular wool jersey (the amount depends on the wearer's height); bias binding to match. Materials cost about £2/10/- to £3.

Place the material on to a large, flat surface. Mark and then cut it as shown in the diagram below. Half-inch seams are allowed.



Turn the two pieces of material so the wrong sides are outside. Machine up the side-seams and then nick seam edges (as shown in diagram). This gives the seams "stretch."

Machine the shoulder seams from the armholes to within 1 in. of the neck. Turn this down to make a 1 in. hem at the neckline, which is horizontal. Edge the hem at back and front with bias binding, and stitch across by hand.

Edge the sleeves with bias binding, turn in ½ in., and stitch by hand.

Try on dress, remembering that the belt gives it shape.

The dress fullness is pushed towards back, leaving a few gathers at side fronts, and the back bodice is bloused slightly.

With the belt on, have someone adjust the hem length for you. Cut off any surplus material, leaving 2 in. for the hem. Edge it with bias binding, and stitch by hand.

For evening wear, the pink dress (shown above) is belted with matching velvet ribbon.

**DIAGRAM.** Pale line shows material edge; dark line is dress shape; dotted line shows placing of seams.



It takes about 2½ yds. ribbon and 1½ yds. rubber-threaded belt webbing.

Back the ribbon with the webbing to stop slipping, but do not back the part that ties into a bow.

Put the centre-front of the ribbon at the centre-front of the dress, and take the two ends towards the back, arranging the dress gathers evenly.

Bring the ribbon up in a sharp curve from the centre-back waistline to just under the bust. Pin the ribbon there with a safety-pin on to your bra—a slot or fastener drags down the dress neckline—and tie the ribbon in a bow.

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shoulder them: Jean de Gue, officer of the Resistance, eluded me. Did he believe in those days that if he was to survive he must minister to greed? What private conflict had driven the gay, laughing figure of the photograph album to cynicism and indifference?

I felt within me a sudden absurd and impassioned desire to tell her, in the name of the Jean de Gue whom she believed me to be, of my sorrow for everything that had happened to her over the years, for bitterness and poverty and suffering and loss, for whatever might have come her way to cause her distress. But it would, I knew, have startled and embarrassed her if I had said anything of the sort, and instead I put my hand on her shoulder and gave it a pat. Then we went out together to the car and she opened the door for me and stood smiling, her arms crossed under her shawl.

I waved my hand to her and drove away. I had learnt three things from my morning. First, that through my telephone conversation to Carvalet I had committed the glass foundry to a course which could only bring about its ruin; secondly, that the last, well-loved master of the foundry had been butchered on his own doorstep and his body flung down the well; and thirdly that the people of St. Gilles, like everyone else in the world, had seized defeat as an excuse to turn upon their friends.

Before I reached the village I stopped the car and felt in my pockets for the contract and Jean de Gue's wallet. In the latter was his driving licence and I took it out and opened it. The signature, as I had expected, was a typically flowing French one: I had seen it or its like on hundreds of French documents in my travels and studies. A dozen attempts at copying it were enough to give me confidence.

When I took up the contract again and, in a sudden change of mood, wrote his name with a flourish at the bottom of the page de Gue him-

Continuing . . .

## The Scapegoat

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self would have hesitated to denounce it as a forgery. Then I drove down the hill to the village and through the gateway to the chateau, stopping only to post the contract.

THE front door stood wide open and there was commotion in the hall. Gaston, with sleeves rolled up, was edging a heavy sideboard through to the dining-room assisted by the man in overalls from the garage, another man whom I had not seen before, Germaine, and the stalwart daughter of the woman who washed the linen. As soon as Gaston saw me, and while I was wondering how, without betraying my ignorance, I could find out what this furniture-moving signified, he gasped a message over his shoulder.

"Monsieur Paul has been looking for you all the morning, Monsieur le Comte. He says you have given no orders yet to Robert. Germaine, go through to the kitchen and see if Robert is still there." Then, returning to his labors, he said to the man whom I did not recognise and who looked as though he might be a gardener, "Now then, Joseph, up with the leg at your end. Heave, now."

Germaine disappeared to the back regions. I waited in the hall uncertainly. Who was Robert and what orders was I supposed to give? In a moment the femme de chambre appeared again, followed by a small, thick-set man with grizzled hair and a scar on his cheek, dressed in breeches and leggings. "Here is Robert, Monsieur le Comte," she said. "Good morning, Robert." I held out my hand to him. He shook it, smiling. "Well?" I asked. "What is it you want to know?"

He looked up at me, puzzled, then burst into uncertain laughter as though I had made a joke at his expense and he wasn't quite certain how to take it.

"It's for tomorrow, Monsieur

le Comte," he said. "I thought you would have sent for me yesterday to discuss arrangements, but Gaston told me you were out all day, and then Madame la Comtesse being unwell I did not like to disturb you last night."

I stared down at him. We were alone. Germaine and the others had retired to the kitchen, their labors finished.

"Tomorrow," I repeated, "yes, of course. Quite a number of people seem to be coming. Were you by any chance wondering what we were going to eat?"

He flinched as though the joke had gone on too long.

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men to communicate their mind, but to wise men to conceal it.

—Robert South.

"Why, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "you know perfectly well it is nothing to do with me what you eat. What I must know is your programme for the day. Monsieur Paul says you have not discussed it with him at all."

I had a sudden wild vision of beating the bounds, of stripping the willow, of bobbing for apples, or whatever the custom might be on the second Sunday in October — some ceremony at which I, as seigneur of St. Gilles, must play a leading part. I would willingly resign the role to Paul instead.

"You don't think," I began cautiously, "that for once we might leave the arrangements to Monsieur Paul?"

The man stared at me, astounded. "Why, Monsieur le Comte," he exclaimed, "you have never done such a thing in your life. In all my years in St. Gilles you have never suggested it. Ever since Monsieur

le Comte, your father, died it is you who have organised the Sunday of the shooting party."

This time it must have been I who looked, and certainly felt, as if he had made a joke in poor taste. The shooting party — idiot that I was. There had been constant allusions to it during the past two days and none of them had made any impression on me. Tomorrow, Sunday, must be the big annual shoot in the district, centring in the domain of St. Gilles, planned and wholly organised by the seigneur, Jean de Gue.

Robert watched me anxiously. "Are you quite well, Monsieur le Comte?" he asked.

"Listen, Robert," I said, "I've had a lot on my mind since I came back from Paris, and, frankly, I've not yet worked out tomorrow's programme. I'll see you later."

He looked baffled, frustrated. "As you say, Monsieur le Comte," he answered, "but time is getting on and there is much to be done. Will you see me at two o'clock?"

"At two o'clock," I said, and to be rid of him I went through to the lobby as though to telephone and waited until I heard him pass through the service door. Then I crossed the hall and went out to the terrace and down to the shelter of the cedar tree that had been my refuge the first night. Two o'clock or midnight could make no difference — I should have no programme and no plan. Lecturing on French history had not equipped me for "la chesse": I did not shoot.

I remember hearing the midday angelus sound from the village church, and soon afterwards voices from the chateau as the gardener Joseph, and I think Robert with him, emerged from a side-door. When they had gone I walked swiftly across the moat to the path beneath the chestnuts, and so to one of the long rides and away into the woods. It did not matter to me where I went or how far; all I knew

was that I had to put myself out of the range of call and somehow decide upon a course of action.

The most obvious one was to feign illness—a sudden dizziness, or mysterious pains in my limbs—yet to do so would demand the immediate attention of Dr. Lebrun, who would surely know at once that there was nothing wrong. The mere pretext of a chill, of some vague malaise, would never serve. The seigneur of St. Gilles would not take to his bed on the day of the big shoot because of stomach-ache. Besides, it was not only tomorrow that made the nightmare. It was today, at two o'clock, with Robert coming for orders once again.

I wondered if I could make Françoise the excuse, but it was too much out of character. However sick his wife might be, it would not matter to Jean de Gue. I could, of course, take the car and disappear, make this my exit from the masquerade. Nothing prevented me from doing so, at any hour of the day or night. Now, perhaps, was the moment. I had survived up to the present because nothing had really constituted a challenge. The relationships within the family had not defeated me, or the intimacy without, or the tricks of language, the hazards of unaccustomed routine, the impossibilities of business and finance.

I HAD plunged into this unknown world like a reckless walker into a morass, each step taking him deeper, each wild flounder committing him more inescapably. But, more fortunate than such a man, if I felt myself held fast and sucked into the depths, I had only to throw myself backwards to be free, to return to the past and take on the self discarded in Le Mans. I could see no way out of my dilemma, no real answer to the ridiculous situation in which I found myself, except by admitting defeat.

I was filled increasingly with self-disgust. The sense

of power and confidence had seeped away, and my likeness to Jean de Gue was nothing but a clown's covering, a ludicrous mask of paint and powder, already melting, falling away in strips, showing me to myself unchanged, the useless nonentity I had always been. A lifelong inability to handle weapons, to aim with effect at anything, was now to prove my downfall. Anyone with rudimentary training might have bluffed his way to glory by blazing away at everything on sight: I hadn't even the knowledge to do that. I knew the butt end from the barrel, but beyond that all was mystery.

I thought of the laughter of Jean de Gue, the laughter of anyone told suddenly of my predicament. Humiliation is not easy to bear, especially when it follows upon complacency. I had been very sure of myself driving away yesterday from Villars, with a picture in my mind of Bela feeding her birds on the balcony. I had been confident again this morning, not an hour ago, coming from the foundry with the contract in my pocket. Now I was deflated, the bubble of conceit exploded, lost in the air.

As if it were a symbol mocking me, Jean de Gue's watch, which I wore on my left wrist, suddenly fell to the ground, smashing the glass. I bent and picked it up. The strap had given—I should have noticed it was worn. Irritated by this new mishap I walked slowly on, the watch in my hand, and I saw that the naked hands now stood at half-past twelve. It was almost time for the midday meal, for sitting at the head of the table in the dining-room, for facing the family, for giving my orders for the shoot.

I came to the dovecot, and was protected now by its rounded walls, unseen from the chateau windows. Marie-Noel must have been playing here earlier, for her cardigan lay forgotten on the swing. I stood by the bonfire, stirring it with my foot, till the bitter, pungent smoke rose up and stung my

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## Continuing The Scapegoat

from page 50

eyes, and suddenly I was reminded of the well in front of the master's house in the foundry. There were nettles here, too, and tangled grass, and Marie-Noel's swing looked as old and neglected as the well had done before the house.

The rope had broken again and lay thrown down, useless as the links of the chain; and as I looked at it I saw in my mind's eye the well-chain wrapped about a man's limp body, binding it, and the body thrust down the deep black hole of the well to water. I saw the group of men holding to the iron-work, looking down, and then suddenly, in fear and horror, seizing handful after handful of broken glass from the reject dumps behind the sheds, hurling the jagged pieces down into the dark water with the body, covering it, sinking it, until finally there was nothing left to see but the patch of night sky reflected in the water.

**A**NOTHER gust of smoke came from the bonfire, blown by a gust of wind, and, as suddenly as the image of the dead man's body had come to me, I knew what I was going to do. I waited for the smoke to drift, then tossed the watch I was holding into the fire. I saw it fall against a heap of glowing embers. Then I knelt down and thrust my hand amongst them until I had the watch. I cried out with the searing agony of pain and collapsed sideways on to the grass, clutching my hand, seizing leaves, grass, anything to cover the scorched flesh, while the broken watch lay forgotten beside me.

I lay a moment, waiting for the faintness to pass, and the retching that I could not prevent, and then, because of the intensity of the pain, I got to my feet and began to run towards the chateau. I had only one thought—to stop the pain, to get away from light, from air, into the darkness of the open windows. I remember stumbling across the threshold and falling on to the sofa, and seeing the staring, frightened face of Renee and hearing her cry out; and then the darkness that I had sought was with me and about me, but the pain continued.

I heard Renee call for Paul, and Paul for Gaston, and I was surrounded by questioning, anxious faces, trying to uncover the hand that I still held against me, shielded by my coat. But I could only rock backwards and forwards, shaking my head, unable to tell them to go away, to leave me alone, because there was only one thing with me, which was pain.

Gaston said, "We must find Mademoiselle Blanche," and Renee ran out of the room screaming for Blanche. I heard Paul say he was telephoning for the doctor, and I thought dimly, through the pain, that if only I could faint the pain would stop. Gaston was kneeling beside me, and he asked, "Have you cut yourself, Monsieur le Comte?" and I said, "No, burnt myself, you idiot," turning away from him, and thinking to myself that if I could swear and blaspheme in English it might help to ease the pain.

Then the others came back, crowding around me once more, the same words passing stupidly from one to the other. "He's burnt himself . . . it's his hand . . . he's burnt it . . . but where . . . but how?" Then the peering faces backed away and Blanche was there, kneeling where Gaston had knelt. She put out her hand to take mine, but I exclaimed, "No, it hurts too much." She said,

"Hold him down," to Paul and Gaston, and they seized me by the shoulders and pinned me against the cushions.

Blanche reached for my hand and covered it with something cool and cleansing, spattering the contents of a tube that splashed all over the seared back of my burnt hand. Then she put a bandage over it and fastened it loosely, and told the others that in a moment or two the pain would ease. I shut my eyes and heard the low hum of voices discussing me, always asking the same question—how could it have happened?

"Is that better?" asked Paul, and I waited a moment and then said, "Yes, I think so," still uncertain, because the release from immediate pain was still too new. I saw that Marie-Noel had now joined the circle and was staring down at me, her eyes enormous in her small, white face.

"Whatever did you do?" What happened?" asked Renee, and beyond her was Gaston, troubled, unhappy, standing with a glass of brandy that he did not want.

"My watch fell off my wrist into my bonfire," I said. "The bonfire was out there by the dovecot. I didn't want to lose it, so I bent to pick it up and burnt myself instead. My own fault entirely. An idiotic, senseless thing to do."

"Didn't you think what you were doing?" asked Renee.

"No," I said. "I didn't realise the fire was so hot."

"You must be completely crazy," said Paul. "You could

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have fished the watch out with a stick, any piece of wood by the bonfire."

"It never occurred to me."

"You must have been very close to the bonfire for it to have fallen off your wrist in the middle of it," said Renee.

"I was. The smoke got in my eyes. I couldn't see properly—that was part of the trouble."

"I've telephoned for Lelie run," said Paul. "He's coming out right away. The first thing he said was did France know? I said no. He warned me she shouldn't be told. Just the kind of thing to upset her."

"I shall be all right," I said. "It's not hurting now. Blanche has worked wonders." I looked round for Blanche, but she had disappeared. She had taken away the pain and gone.

"One thing's evident," said Paul. "You'll be in no shape to shoot tomorrow."

"That's the first thing I thought of," I said.

They stared at me in sympathy. Gaston made a little clicking sound of vexation. "It's what you most enjoy, Monsieur le Comte."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It can't be helped," I said. "The rest of you will enjoy yourselves. Anyway, I saved the watch. It's out there somewhere in the ashes."

"All that trouble for a watch," said Renee. "I've never heard of anything so stupid, so unnecessary."

"And it's not even his gun."

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one, Madame," said Gaston. "The gold one is still in Le Mans being repaired. Monsieur le Comte has been wearing his old steel watch, the one Monsieur Duval gave him on his twenty-first birthday."

"That's why I didn't want to lose it," I said. "Sentiment." There was an odd silence. Nobody said anything. Gaston put the glass of brandy down on the table, and after a moment Paul offered me a cigarette.

"Anyway," he said, "it's a good job it wasn't worse. The back of your hand caught the damage — you haven't even singed your coat sleeve."

Marie-Noel hadn't said a word all the time. I was sorry if I had frightened her. "Don't look so solemn," I smiled. "I'm all right now. I'll get up in a minute."

"Here's your watch," she said.

She had been holding her hands behind her back. Now she advanced and held out the watch, blackened by the fire.

I had not noticed her run to find it. She must have done it in a moment.

"Where did you find it?" asked Renee.

"In the ashes," she said.

I held out my left hand for the watch and put it in my pocket. "Now let's forget it," I said. "I've caused enough commotion for one morning. Why don't you start lunch? It must be after one." I thought a moment. "Francoise will wonder why I haven't been in to see her," I said. "Better say I'm out with Robert and am not yet back. And somebody stop that woman Charlotte from blabbing everything to Matman upstairs. Now clear out and leave me. I don't want any lunch. I'll see Lebrun in here when he comes."

I was now tired and sick inside. My hand hurt in a different way, not so much physically as in my mind, which was vividly aware of the raw tender flesh. I closed my eyes again and they all went away. Some time later there was a bell and in a minute or two the elderly bearded face of Dr. Lebrun was looking at me, pince-nez

Continuing . . .

## The Scapegoat

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on the bridge of a large nose, side by side with the impassive Blanche.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he asked. "They tell me you've been playing the fool with a bonfire."

**R**ESIGNED to it now, and bored, I went over the story again, and to justify myself I pulled the blackened watch out of my pocket.

"Well, well," he said, "we all do foolish things now and again. Let's have a look at the damage. Mademoiselle Blanche, just unwrap this for me."

Blanche, cool and calm, took my hand again between hers, and together they looked at the hand. The doctor anointed it with some ointment he had brought and did it up again, and to my intense relief they had neither of them hurt me. The pain was with me, but no longer active.

"There," said the doctor, "now you'll be more comfortable. It's not too serious, I assure you, and in a few days you won't be able to see where you hurt it. These dressings to be renewed night and morning, Mademoiselle Blanche, and I think we shall have no trouble. What concerns me most is that you won't be able to shoot to-morrow."

"Don't worry," I said. "You'll do quite as well without me."

"I'm afraid not," he smiled. "You're like the mainspring of the watch there. If that's out of action the rest of the works collapse."

I saw Blanche looking at the watch and from the watch to me. Our eyes met and there was something questing, searching, in her expression that made me feel, during one instant of fear, that she knew the truth and this was the reason why she had come to bandage my hand and relieve me of pain — because she did it to a stranger. Guilt made me

drop my eyes, and then she turned to the doctor and asked him to come with her to the dining-room and have something to eat. He thanked her, saying he would follow her in a moment.

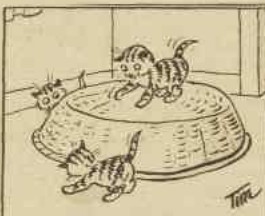
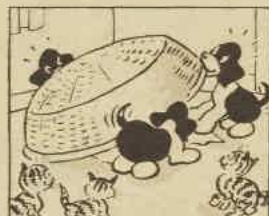
She left us alone and he began to talk about Francoise, repeating what he had told me on the telephone. I tried to absorb what he was saying, but while he talked I was still thinking about Blanche and the expression in her eyes and wondering how and why she could have penetrated my

still, a rug for my legs, another cushion, and I thought how his devotion and concern would turn to bewilderment and then to disbelief and finally to contempt if he should know the truth — that I was a shadow mimicking his master and then deliberately maiming myself for fear of discovery. It would be beyond his comprehension and that of all of them at St. Gilles. People did not behave like that. What was the point of the deception if it brought so much trouble to the deceiver? What did he gain by it? Here was the point indeed. What did I gain? I lay back on the sofa, looking at my

FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



disguise. Or was it after all imagination on my part?

Gaston appeared with a tray of food, but I waved him away.

"This evening you will feel like eating, not now," said the doctor, and he gave me some tablets from his bag with instructions about one every two hours, and two if my hand pained me, and then went off to join the others having lunch.

Gaston hovered about me

bandaged hand, and suddenly I laughed.

"You are feeling better, then?" said Gaston, his kind face broadening in sympathy, laughter a release for both of us.

"Better from what?"

"Why, better from your burn, Monsieur le Comte," he said. "It's no longer hurting you as it did?"

"It hurts in a different way,"

I told him, "as if it wasn't I who had burnt my hand, but somebody else."

"Pain can be like that," he said.

When the family had finished lunch they came flocking back into the room to inquire after me and I put the second part of my plan into action. "Paul," I said, "you can arrange everything for tomorrow with Robert. Now I'm out of it I prefer to be quit altogether. You can organise the whole thing between you."

"Oh, nonsense," exclaimed Paul. "You'll be feeling more like it in an hour or so. You know you've always done it. If Robert and I run it you'll only criticise us and say we've wrecked it."

"I won't," I said, "you go ahead. If I can't shoot I'm not interested."

**I** GOT up from the sofa, telling them that I wanted to rest alone in the library, and I could tell by their faces that they believed my decision came from bitter disappointment and also because I was still in pain. I saw Renee draw the doctor aside and question him and he shook his head. "No, no, I assure you, he's quite all right. It's just a question of shock. A burn like that is a very painful thing . . ."

You're right, I thought, especially when it's self-inflicted and totally unnecessary. For, my first panic at the prospect of the shoot over, I knew that all I need have done was to say that I did not want to take part. They would have swallowed anything, because it never entered their heads for a moment that I was not the man they thought.

As I went into the library the heavy sloth of afternoon descended upon the chateau and I realised then that my penance worked both ways. I was spared the preparations for the shoot only to doom myself to inactivity, and after "resting" I should be at the mercy of the inquiries I wanted to avoid. To make the hours pass

I pushed a chair over by the desk and, struggling one-handed with the drawer, pulled out the photograph album once again. This time I had no interruption. I could take my time, and after looking again through the earlier snapshots I passed on in leisurely fashion to the adult pictures.

I noticed things that had escaped me in my previous hurried glimpse. Maurice Duval appeared quite early in the groups at the foundry. He was standing in a back row, a youngish man, in a group that had the date 1925 beside it; and then, rather like house groups at school, he advanced year by year to a more prominent position until towards the end of the album he was promoted to a chair beside the Comte de Gue himself, looking confident, at ease, the captain of the house beside the house-master. I liked his face. It was strong, wise, trustworthy, a face that surely would command affection and respect.

I closed the album and pushed it back into the drawer. Perhaps there were others, but with one hand useless I could not rummage for them.

I still had the new contract in my pocket — I wondered what Maurice Duval would have thought of it . . . I must have slept in the chair, because suddenly it was six o'clock, and it was not Paul or Renee or the child who had come to disturb me but the cure. He had switched on the light beside the desk and was peering down at me, his old head nodding in concern.

"There now, I've woken you. I didn't intend to do that," he said. "I just wanted to make sure you were not in pain."

I told him all was well and the sleep had done me good.

"Madame Jean has also slept," he said, "and your mother, too. All the invalids at the chateau have been resting quietly. You have nothing to worry about. I took it upon myself to explain about your little accident, making light of it, as I thought best. You don't

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mind my having done that?"

"On the contrary," I said, "I'm very grateful to you."

"Good. They are neither of them anxious, only sorry that you won't be about to shoot tomorrow."

"That's nothing. I'm perfectly resigned to it."

"Now you are being brave. I know what it must mean to you."

"I'm not brave, Monsieur le Cure. Quite the opposite. A physical and moral coward, to be perfectly frank."

He smiled at me, still nodding. "Come now," he said, "it's not as bad as that. Sometimes it's a sort of indulgence to think the worst of ourselves. We say, 'Now I have reached the bottom of the pit, now I can fall no farther,' and it is almost a pleasure to wallow in the darkness. The trouble is, it's not true. There is no end to the evil in ourselves, just as there is no end to the good. It's a matter of choice. We struggle to climb or we struggle to fall. The thing is to discover which way we're going."

"It's easier to fall," I said. "The laws of gravitation prove it."

"Perhaps," he said. "I don't know. The love of God doesn't always concern itself with the laws of gravitation, though both are miracles. Now I think we might both give thanks that you were not more seriously burnt by the fire."

He knelt down. He was a heavy man, and it was not easy for him. He folded his hands, bent his head, and began to pray, his head nodding all the while.

As he struggled to his knees I thought about his analogy of the pit and I wondered how much farther I had to fall and if the sense of shame that overwhelmed me was merely wallowing in darkness, as he had suggested. I got up from my chair and accompanied him to the hall and watched him disappear across the terrace and down the steps to the drive. It was beginning to spit with rain and he went off under an immense umbrella like a bent gnome under a mushroom.

## Continuing . . . The Scapegoat

from page 53

I had played the coward long enough; I could at least show the others that I was not in pain. I found Francoise sitting up in bed reading "The Little Flower" to Marie-Noel. The cure had done his mission well. She was sympathetic but not concerned. She seemed to think I had singed my fingers and no more, and kept lamenting over and over again how disappointed I must be that I could not shoot and how glad she was that it was not her fault, that it was not her delicate health that had caused the trouble.

MARIE-NOEL was oddly quiet and subdued. She did not join in the conversation, but when her mother began to talk she took the book and went and sat in a corner, reading it to herself. My mishap must have worried her and she had not yet got over it. I went downstairs for dinner, Charlotte having sent word that Madame la Comtesse had gone to bed early and was not to be disturbed — for which I was thankful, since it would not have been easy to answer her questions.

Paul and Renee were both full of the arrangements for the shoot, the time the guests were to arrive, the names of some of them, the plans for lunch at a farmhouse if it was wet. It was as though, in some fortunate way, my ridiculous action had given them purpose and authority. Paul obviously enjoyed his part of organiser, and Renee, with Francoise out of the way, saw herself through Paul's promotion suddenly acting hostess.

She said something about receiving the guests on the terrace wet or fine; she kept asking Paul if he had remembered this or forgotten that, reminding him that last year such-and-such a thing had not been done, referring to me for approval; and there was something touching about their enthusiasm and their keenness,

like understudies cast at a moment's notice into leading roles.

Blanche, after her swift ministrations at midday, had relapsed once more into silence. She showed little interest in the arrangements for the following day, merely reminding us, as she rose from the table, that whether or not the guests met on the terrace at half-past ten Mass was at nine, as usual. I wondered whether she had forgotten that Dr. Lebrun had asked her to dress my hand, and the same thought must have struck Renee, for as we passed into the salon she said, "If you want to go up early, Blanche, I can do Jean's hand. Where are the dressings?"

"I'm going to do it now," Blanche replied briefly, and in a moment she was back again with the dressings that the doctor had given her, and she put out her hand to take mine, still without a word to me.

When she had finished she said good night to the others, but not to me, and Renee, settling herself on the sofa, remarked, "Isn't Marie-Noel coming down for her game of dominoes?"

"Not tonight," said Blanche. "I'm going to read to her upstairs."

She left the room, and after a moment Renee said, "How unusual for the child to miss her dominoes."

"She was upset about Jean," said Paul, picking up one newspaper and throwing me the other. "I noticed it at the time. You'd better watch out or she'll start seeing visions again. I'm not sure that giving her a life of St. Therese de Lisieux was a very sensible thing to do."

The evening wore on, the newspapers our distraction, and now and again Renee glanced at me and smiled, the smile of sympathy, of collusion, framing her lips in the silent question, "Does it hurt? Is it any easier?" — to show me, I suppose, that because of my injury

I was now pardoned for my neglect of yesterday. I was worried about the child. She might have taken upon herself some new trick of martyrdom, strangling herself with an iron collar or lying upon nails, and at half-past nine I said good night to Paul and Renee and went upstairs.

I made straight for the little room in the turret and opened the door. The room was in darkness, so I fumbled for the switch and turned it on. The child was kneeling at her prie-dieu, clutching a rosary, and I realised I had stumbled upon some meditation.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'll come back when you've finished."

She turned blank eyes towards me, holding up her hand for silence, and I stood there waiting, uncertain what I was meant to do, whether to switch off the light or leave it

on. But in a moment or two she crossed herself and laid her rosary at the feet of the Madonna, then stood up and climbed into bed.

"I was doing my Stations of the Cross," she said. "It puts me in the right state for Mass tomorrow. Aunt Blanche always says it helps to do the Stations if one is thinking about something else."

"What were you thinking about?" I asked.

"This morning I was thinking about the shoot and what fun it would be," she said, "which I'm sure was a sin in itself. The rest of the day I've been thinking about you."

Her eyes were more puzzled than concerned. I was relieved. I did not want her to have been frightened. "You needn't worry about me," I said, tucking her up with one hand. "My hand is much better tonight and Dr. Lebrun told me it would be quite all right in a few days. It was a silly thing to happen, the watch

falling off — I ought to have remembered that the strap was loose."

"But it didn't fall off," she said.

"What do you mean?"

She stared up at me, turning red, and began picking at the bedclothes in embarrassment. "I was in the dovecot," she said. "I had climbed up to the top, and was looking through that little gap beside the hole where the pigeons go in and out. I saw you coming down from the ride swinging the watch in your hand. I was going to call out to you but you looked so serious I didn't like to. Then you stood a few minutes by the bonfire and suddenly you threw the watch right in the middle of it. There was no smoke getting in your eyes or anything. You did it on purpose. Why?"

To be continued

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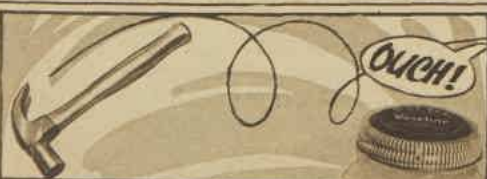
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## New Film Releases

### ★★★ DESK SET

Comedy, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Joan Blondell, Gig Young. In De Luxe CinemaScope. 20th Century-Fox. Century—Sydney.

THE old romantic comedy team of Hepburn and Tracy, plus a smartly written screen play that works in some very funny business with the surprising subject of electronics, provides one of the brightest comedies of the year.

A newly rejuvenated Katy (without close-ups) kicks up her heels with obvious relish in a part that calls for a few bars of song, a naughty wriggle or two, a delirious drunk scene, and a good deal of other tomfoolery.

She is head girl of a New York broadcasting company's reference department, whose job is threatened by an electronic brain installed by method engineer Tracy.

A warm and full-blown Joan Blondell plays Katy's second-in-command, and Gig Young is quite detestably smug as her conceited suitor.

In a film rich in delights for anyone who has ever worked in a big office, the little old lady, the company's first employee, who wanders through at will, helping herself to whatever she fancies, gets the prize.

On the debit side there are some crude cuts, erratic lighting, and—in the corridor set—some horrible color.

In a word: **LAUGHS.**

### ★★★ HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON

Drama, with Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum. In De Luxe CinemaScope. 20th Century-Fox. Regent—Sydney.

THIS best-selling novel by an Australian author, the late Charles Shaw, becomes first rate screen entertainment in the hands of director John Huston and its two stars.

Its story tells of an American marine and a nun marooned on a Pacific island during the last war.

Mitchum as the tough, illiterate marine, and Kerr as the gentle, devout Sister Angelica, have the huge job of holding audience attention for the length of the film. The only other people who appear are an anonymous handful of Japanese soldiers.

Mitchum gives superb dignity and truthfulness to the awakening tenderness and final resignation of the marine. It is the performance of his life.

Picturegoers will find no fault with Deborah Kerr (speaking with an Irish brogue) as the dedicated nun. But the bulk of the acting responsibility is Mitchum's.

In his treatment of a situation that might well have given offence Huston has used the greatest delicacy. The story that comes to the screen is simple and beautiful.

Tense and exciting moments when the island is under bom-

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

bardment and the Japanese manhunt by fire and grenade give the film its change of pace.

If Mitchum, in his raiding of Japanese stores and dismantling of their guns, seems to have overmuch luck on his side, this is a minor weakness.

In a word: **PLEASING.**

### ★ LOVES OF A SCOUNDREL

R.K.O.'s romantic drama, with George Sanders, Yvonne De Carlo, Zsa Zsa Gabor. Esquire—Sydney.

SOME men make money illegally and get away with it, others don't. This is a film about one that didn't.

Sanders is a penniless immigrant when he arrives in New York. His progress from pauper to millionaire is, at times, fascinating to watch.

He first meets Yvonne De Carlo, a lady who waits at the dock for ships to come in. Later he employs her and she emerges as a woman of beauty.

He then meets Zsa Zsa Gabor, a wealthy widow. It is unbelievable that any woman could be so easily talked into parting with her money.

Zsa Zsa relies upon her looks, and is a somewhat languid femme fatale, dripping furs and jewels.

De Carlo, when she gets into the mink range of finance, looks equally attractive, and has the advantage of being a better actress.

Other women cross Sanders' path, but are of little importance other than to fill his leisure hours.

In a word: **WORLDLY.**

### BROTHERS IN LAW

Fox comedy, starring Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, Terry-Thomas, Jill Adams. Embassy—Sydney.

THE Boulting Brothers, who can generally be relied upon to produce a good comedy, fail dismally this time.

Ian Carmichael and Richard Attenborough are the brothers at law who share living quarters and chambers. The story deals with Carmichael's adventures as a barrister who gets his first case 24 hours after he is called to the Bar.

One or two sequences in the film help to lift it. One is a scene on a golf course, when Carmichael tries to impress a judge.

Another is when Terry-Thomas, an arch criminal, gives Carmichael a few tips on how to win a case.

Jill Adams is also in the picture.

In a word: **UNFUNNY.**

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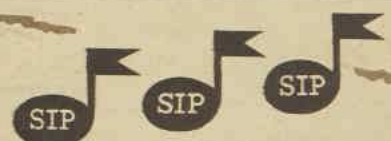
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#### BETTY KING RECIPE

2 delicious ways to enjoy this home-style Chicken goodness

Isn't Continental just full of surprises? Not only does it make a glorious Chicken Noodle Soup in only 7 minutes, but it helps make Betty King's favourite Chicken Rissole recipe illustrated here.

It's no wonder, really — Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is just so rich in real chicken goodness, it can be used to add extra flavour and excitement to many every-day dishes — spaghetti, casseroles, stews, meat loaves — anything! Good idea to take home several packets at a time!

#### TASTY CHICKEN RISSOLES

- 1 pkt. Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup
- 1½ cups boiling water
- 1 lb. potatoes
- 1 cup diced cold meat or ½ cup diced cooked bacon
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

#### Method

Cook Chicken Noodle Soup in 1½ cups water for 7 minutes. Boil potatoes without adding salt. Drain and mash, using the prepared soup. Add meat and parsley and stand aside till cold. Shape into cakes on a floured board and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Shallow fry in Copha shortening until golden brown on each side. Drain and serve at once with sauce and vegetables.

CHICKEN NOODLE RISSOLES (See Recipe above)



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A glamorous start to the meal — bowls of Continental brand Mushroom Soup, packed with pieces of tender French mushrooms. When there's steak on the menu, make this superb sauce. Blend one packet Continental Mushroom Soup in a saucepan with 2 cups milk. Stir till boiling, simmer gently 3 minutes.



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# COOKING WITH YEAST

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● Yeast may be used in many interesting recipes, quite apart from bread, rolls, and buns.

THERE are two types of yeast available to housewives—compressed and dehydrated or powdered yeast.

Compressed yeast is putty-like in substance. It is available from chemists, grocers, and delicatessen stores which have refrigeration. Yeast must be kept cold and is best used within a few days.

Dehydrated or powdered yeast is packaged in tins or jars and may be purchased from grocers in city and country areas.

All recipes on this page use compressed yeast, so when substituting with dehydrated yeast use according to given directions. One ounce dehydrated yeast equals approximately 4 ounces of compressed yeast or four cakes, each one ounce.

Where neither of the above is available, the following method of making lemon or potato yeast should prove satisfactory. One cup of this liquid equals one ounce of compressed yeast, but it is necessary to work in extra flour because of the extra liquid.

Mix  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, juice of 2 lemons or 3 medium potatoes grated, and 2 cups lukewarm water together, pour into a strong jar and cover tightly. Set aside in warm place to ferment.

If a seasoned jar is used this will be sufficiently active for use in a few hours.

If a fresh, unseasoned jar is used it will be necessary to allow at least 48 hours to work the yeast. Store liquid yeast for not more than three days at a time.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

## BABA AU RHUM

Two cups plain flour, 1 cake yeast (oz.), 4 tablespoons warm milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1-3rd cup melted butter, 2oz. currants, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. loaf sugar or crystal sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1-3rd cup rum (or less according to taste).

Sift flour 2 or 3 times into medium-sized bowl. Make a well in centre. Crumble yeast and soften in the warm milk. Pour into well in flour, mix a little flour into it from the sides. Stand 5 minutes in a warm place. Mix in all the flour well, adding beaten egg. Cover and stand  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour in warm place. Add sugar, butter, currants, and salt. Mix thoroughly, knead 5

minutes on lightly floured board until dough is smooth and satiny. Place in greased, fluted ring-tin, filling not more than 2-3rd full. Cover, stand in a warm place, and allow to rise almost to top of tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Invert on to cake-cooler. Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar and the water, and cook gently until sugar is dissolved. When cool, add rum, and trickle evenly and slowly over cooled cake.

**Apricot Glaze:** Press 1-3rd cup apricot jam through a strainer, combine with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and heat just before spreading over top and sides of baba.

## CREPES ASPARAGUS

**Pancake Batter:** Half-pound plain flour, pinch salt, 4 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast, 1 pint warm milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion.

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Make a well in centre, add beaten egg-yolks and yeast which has been dissolved in the milk. Beat to a smooth batter, stand at least 1 hour. Stir in grated onion slowly. Pour about 2 tablespoons into a

greased, heated frying-pan and cook gently until golden brown underneath. Turn and brown again. Spread with asparagus mixture. Roll up and keep hot until ready to serve.

**Filling:** One pint medium thickness white sauce, 1 tin asparagus tips, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.

Drain asparagus and heat in butter. Add white sauce and cook 5 minutes. Stir in all flavoring ingredients, fill, and spoon over pancakes. Serve piping hot with a garnish of parsley.

## BUTTERSCOTCH NUT WHIRLS

One cup brown sugar, 2oz. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup walnut pieces,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast, 1oz. white sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk (scant), 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 small egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar and 2oz. butter, spread over bottom of

deep 8in. cake-tin, sprinkle with walnuts, and set aside.

Crumble yeast into basin and mix in 1 teaspoon flour and sugar. Heat milk until lukewarm and beat in, set aside in warm place 15 minutes. Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in 1oz. butter or margarine, add remainder of white sugar. Make a well in centre and pour in yeast mixture and beaten egg. Work to a soft dough. Stand aside, cover with a tea-towel in a warm place for 40 to 50 minutes. Turn on to floured board and knead until smooth.

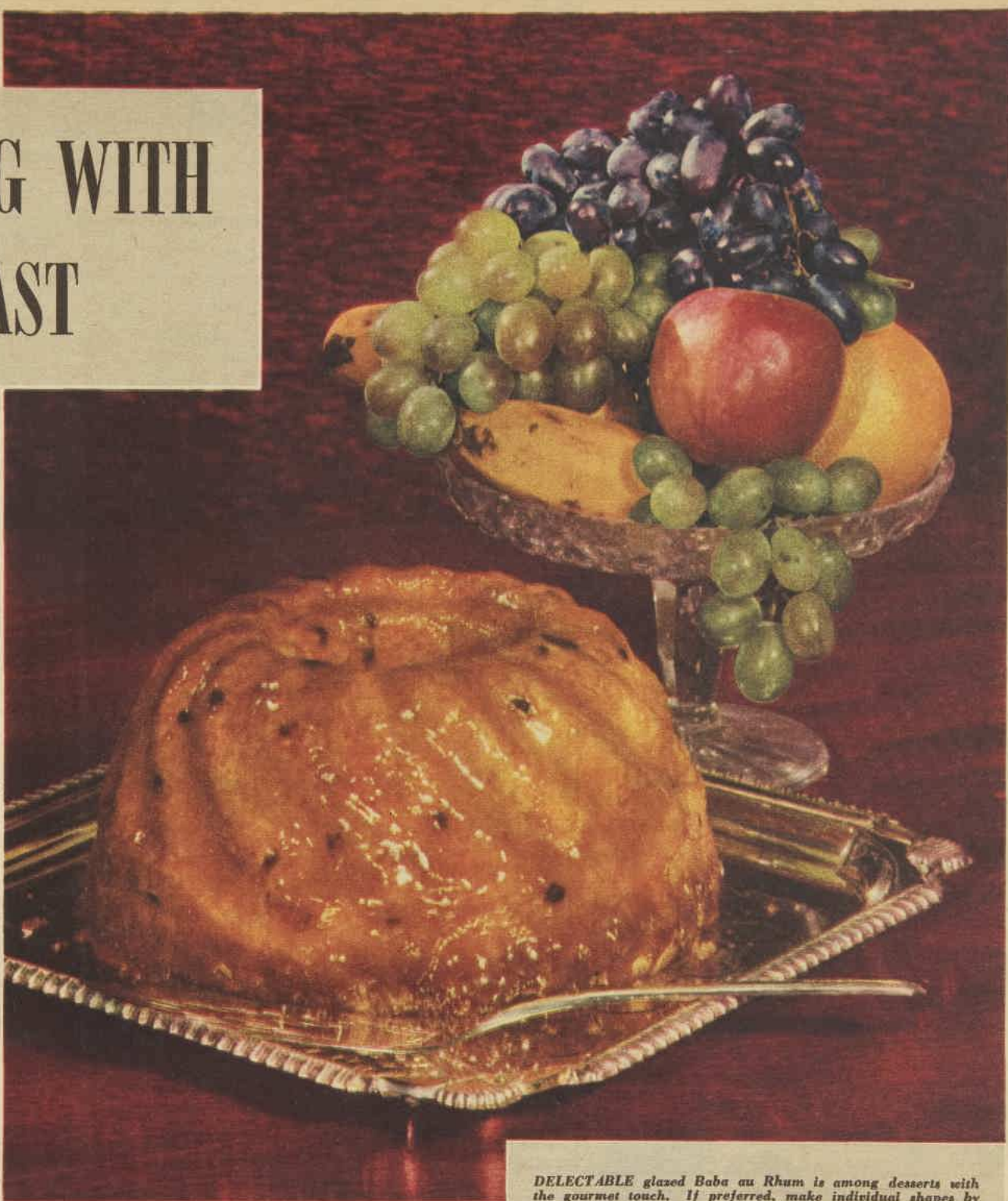
Roll dough to a rectangle  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with remaining brown sugar mixed with 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Roll up to a long narrow roll, pressing the edges to seal. Cut roll in slices  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and place in tin cut side up. Set aside to rise about 30 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out on to

plate, leaving the tin over the rolls 2 minutes so that the butterscotch mixture can drizzle down over them.

## CRUMPETS

Half an ounce yeast, 1 pint milk and water (mixed),  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, pinch bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons salt, little warm water.

Cream yeast with a little of the tepid milk and water. Add balance of liquid, pour into centre of sifted flour. Mix with the hand for about 5 minutes. Cover, stand in warm place 1 hour. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda and salt in a little warm water, add to spongy dough. Mix well, stand again in warm place (covered)  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour to rise. Pour into greased scone or pastry cutters or egg-rings on a greased, moderately hot griddle iron. Cook gently until top is set, remove rings, turn crumpets, and allow to dry for a few minutes on underside.



DELECTABLE glazed Baba au Rhum is among desserts with the gourmet touch. If preferred, make individual shapes by dividing the mixture into small greased custard cups and cook about 20 to 25 minutes before soaking in the rum syrup. See the recipe for this easy-to-make luxury sweet on this page.



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# Spacious home to be extended

ARCHITECT'S DIARY, by Sydney architect  
W. J. McMurray

● This week we discuss making extensions to an already spacious house to include a large main bedroom and a rumpus-room for informal parties.

THE extensions are to be made to the split-level home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Crebbin, of Chatswood, N.S.W. The house is built on sloping ground, and the upper story extends to a garden at the back.

The extensions and alterations will provide a large main bedroom, convert the present smaller bedroom into a dressing-room, and add a rumpus-room to be used as an extension of the present dining area for informal entertaining.

Living-room and dining-room are at present separated by internal walls. These will be removed to open up the two rooms into one area, and a large sliding panel will be installed so the living-room can be closed off for family use.

Re-arrangement of the kitchen will give a more convenient location for the stove so there will be ample serving space at each side. A 3ft. extension of the kitchen will make space for an upholstered dinette and an automatic dish-washing machine.

## Bigger garage

Extra length is to be built on to the garage, therefore some alterations to the main entrance porch on the lower level will be necessary.

This will result in a bigger entrance hall. The roof of the extended porch and garage will make a large balcony to the first floor.

To give a pleasant outlook to the rear, I suggest the present backyard be subdivided

so the drying area and service yard will be isolated from the remainder, which will be landscaped as a small courtyard with an ornamental pool.

A continuation of the exposed beams of the rumpus-room over the terrace as a pergola framework will help to create a feeling of unity between indoors and outdoors.

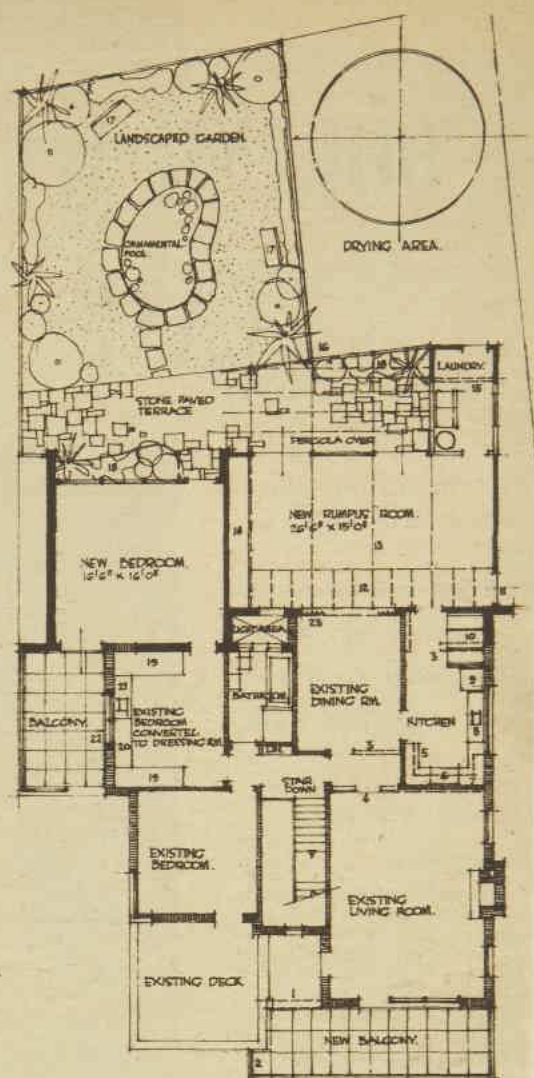
I suggest the floor be made of mosaic parquet on a waterproofed concrete membrane. To prevent possible sound reverberation with such a floor and large area of glass, the ceiling will have acoustic tile between the exposed timber beams.

## Adding color

A panel of roof lights of corrugated plastic will give adequate lighting in the dining area and an interesting color effect in the rumpus-room.

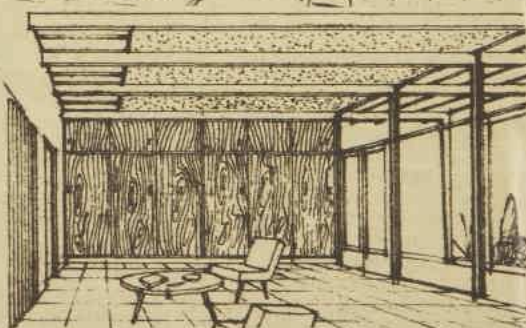
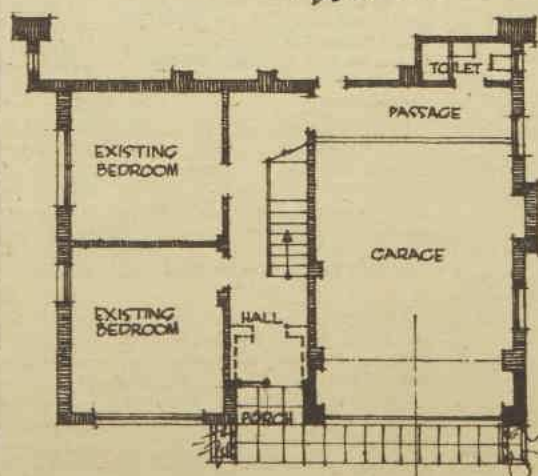
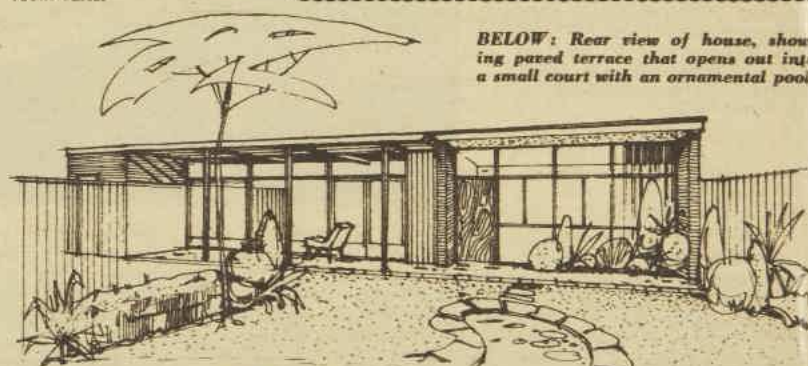
The existing upstairs bedroom, as shown in the sketch at right, will be converted into a large dressing-room, in which the fittings will include a hand-basin set in a laminated plastic top.

With the hand-basin in the dressing-room, there will be plenty of space in the new main bedroom to allow a good arrangement of the large bedroom suite.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR (above): 1, demolish parapet; 2, balustrade; 3, demolish walls; 4, new door; 5, new cupboards; 6, stove; 7, new cupboards over; 8, sink; 9, refrigerator; 10, new dinette; 11, door; 12, lights over; 13, beams over; 14, cupboard; 15, extend laundry; 16, screen; 17, seats; 18, flower-beds; 19, wardrobes; 20, drawer fitment; 21, wash-basin; 22, new window; 23, screen.

BELOW: Rear view of house, showing paved terrace that opens out into a small court with an ornamental pool.



LEFT: Plan of ground floor shows position of the new and bigger entrance porch. The roof of the porch and garage will make a large balcony for the upper floor of this split-level house.

ABOVE: Interior of rumpus-room that is one of the extensions to the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Crebbin. Note how the beams are extended over the terrace to form a pergola framework.





*My mum's a good cook!*

Only one piece left — that's for Daddy. He loves chocolate cake too! We all do. Mummy says that's because she always uses Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. It gives cakes and drinks that lovely chocolaty flavour. Mummy always gives us a cup of Bournville Cocoa for breakfast.

**CADBURY'S**  
**BOURNVILLE**  
**COCOA**



**PRICE REDUCED! DOWN 8<sup>d</sup> POUND**



## CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

WITH CHOCOLATE  
GLACE ICING

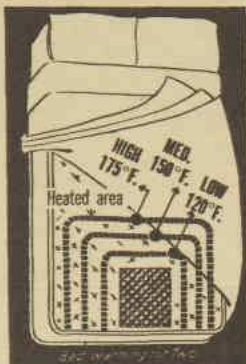
8 oz. (2 level cups) plain flour. 4 level teaspoons baking powder. Pinch salt.  $\frac{1}{2}$  level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda. 4 oz. ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup) butter. 6 oz. (1 cup) sugar. 1 teaspoon vanilla. 2 level tablespoons Bournville cocoa. 2 eggs (separated).  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

**CHOCOLATE GLACE ICING** 4 oz. (4 rounded tablespoons) icing sugar. 1 oz. (2 level tablespoons) Bournville cocoa. 2 to 3 tablespoons milk or water.  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons vanilla.

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and bi-carbonate of soda. Cream together the butter and sugar and add the vanilla. Stir in the sifted cocoa. Add the egg yolks, beat well. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Divide evenly into 2 well greased 7-inch sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool. Cut each layer through the centre. Join together with whipped cream and ice the top. Decorate with walnuts and glace cherries.

**To make the Chocolate Glace Icing.** Sift together the icing sugar and cocoa. Place in a saucepan and mix to a smooth paste with the milk. The quantity of milk may vary with the icing sugar. Always add it carefully. The consistency should be just thick enough to coat the back of the spoon. Heat for about 30 seconds over a low heat. Flavour with vanilla and pour quickly over the cake.



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pation and derive full value from your food. So choose...**BEECHAM'S**  
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE **pills****Pork recipe  
wins prize**● Pork Mexicaine, which wins our £5  
recipe prize this week, is a savory dish  
for those who prefer the piquant flavor  
of pork cooked with pepper and spice.**THIS** delicious dish is  
ideal to serve on a cold  
winter day. It is accom-  
panied by fluffy rice and  
cabbage cooked in a new  
way.All spoon measurements are  
level.**PORK MEXICAINE**One and a half pounds  
pork fillets, 1 tablespoon good  
shortening, 1 large onion, 1  
cooking apple, 1 red and 1  
green pepper, 1 clove garlic,  
1 dessertspoon sugar, salt and  
pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons  
flour, 1 tablespoon soya sauce,  
cold water, 1 lb. rice, 1 cab-  
bage, 1 teaspoon spice, extra  
1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon  
butter.Chop pork into small pieces,  
peel and chop onion and  
apple, brown well in melted  
shortening in large saucepan.  
When browned on all sides  
remove pork, onion, and apple  
from pan, add flour, mix well.  
Stir in sufficient cold water  
to make a smooth, thin sauce,  
continue stirring until it boils.  
Add diced pepper, crushed  
garlic, sugar, salt, pepper, soya  
sauce, and sauteed pork,onion, and apple. Add more  
water to just cover ingredients  
in pan, cover with a tightly  
fitting lid, and simmer for 1½  
to 2 hours. Half an hour  
before end of cooking time  
prepare rice.Wash rice thoroughly, place  
in saucepan with 1 teaspoon  
salt and add sufficient cold  
water to cover the rice and  
lin. above the level of the  
rice. Cover closely and bring  
quickly to the boil. Cook  
quickly 5 minutes (without  
removing lid), reduce heat as  
far as possible, simmer ap-  
proximately 20 minutes. When  
lid is removed at end of cook-  
ing time all water should  
have evaporated and rice be  
in separate grains. Keep hot  
until ready to serve.Shred cabbage finely, melt  
the 1 tablespoon butter in  
large saucepan, add cabbage,  
salt, pepper, extra sugar, and  
spice. Keep stirring with a  
fork for 10 minutes to pre-  
vent it burning or until cab-  
bage is tender. Serve imme-  
diately with pork and rice.First Prize of £5 to Mrs.  
B. Russell, 17 Baroona Ave.,  
Cooma North, N.S.W.**SOME KITCHEN HINTS****EQUAL** parts of methylated  
spirit, vinegar, and par-  
affin, if applied lightly, will  
remove stains on parquet  
floors. Dry well, then polish  
with a good floor polish.**TO** blanch shelled almonds  
and peanuts quickly, pour  
boiling water over them and  
allow to stand a few minutes  
until skins are loosened, then  
slip off with the fingertips.**PORK MEXICAINE** served piping hot with fluffy boiled rice  
and spiced cabbage provides a substantial meal for six  
hearty appetites. See recipe on this page.**FAMILY DISH****MUTTON CHOPS** are inexpensive, but  
they can make a satisfying and tempting  
meal when prepared as suggested in this week's  
family dish, which costs 5/9 and serves four  
or five persons.**CHOPS WITH MUSTARD-CHEESE SAUCE**Five mutton chump chops, 1 tablespoon fat, 1  
onion, 1 cup water, 2½ dessertspoons butter or sub-  
stitute, 2½ dessertspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon  
mustard, 1 egg-yolk, salt, pepper, 1 cup grated  
cheese, extra grated cheese and chopped parsley to  
garnish.Fry chops until browned on both sides in hot fat,  
add chopped onion, salt, pepper, and water.  
Pressure-cook 15 minutes or simmer, covered, until  
chops are tender (add extra water if necessary).  
Make sauce: Melt butter or substitute, add flour,  
stir until smooth. Cook 1 or 2 minutes without  
browning. Stir in milk and 1 cup stock drained  
from cooked chops. Stir until boiling. Gradually  
stir in mustard mixed with egg-yolk, season to taste,  
and fold in grated cheese. Arrange chops on serving-  
dish, pour sauce over, sprinkle with extra cheese and  
brown lightly under griller. Serve sprinkled with  
chopped parsley.**WATCH THOSE EXTRA INCHES!****now****BEAR TAPE**  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 24,



F4602.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make girl's matador pants. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 1½yds. 36in. material or 1 to 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.



# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4604.—Slender-line, front-buttoned sheath dress. Sizes 34 to 40in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4605.—Pretty late-day dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F4603



F4604



F4605



F4599



F1160

F4603.—Smart braid-trimmed skirt and separate long-sleeved blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Blouse 2½yds. 36in. material, skirt 3½yds. 36in. material or 2½yds. 54in. material, plus 8½yds. braid. Price 4/6.

F1160.—One-piece dress designed to flatter the larger figure. Sizes 40 to 48in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material or 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

515



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 515—MATERNITY SMOCK  
The smock is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron floral cotton. The color choice includes blue and white, beige and white, and grey and white. Sizes: 22 and 34in. bust 32/9; 36 and 38in. bust 34/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 516—INFANT'S DRESS AND CARRYING COAT  
Pretty lace-trimmed dress and matching coat for an infant are obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice includes white flannelette and no-iron plisse in white and pastel tones of lemon, pink, and blue. In plisse: Coat 23/9, dress 21/-; Postage and registration 1/3 extra. In flannelette: Coat 18/3, dress 17/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 517—SUPPER-CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES  
The cloth and serviettes, featuring an attractive poppy motif, are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen. Sizes: Cloth 36 by 36in., 22/6; 45 by 45in., 33/9; 54 by 54in., 39/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Serviettes to match, 11 by 11in., 1/9 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 518—ONE-PIECE DRESS  
Smartly styled front-buttoned dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, mauve and white, black and white, and pink and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 37/3, 36 and 38in. bust 39/11. Postage and registration 4/- extra.  
Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



516



517



518

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both drawn up into the air and into a space ship. On board the space ship a loud-speaker tells them that Narda is being taken to enter the contest to choose Miss Galaxy, the most beautiful female in the universe. Meanwhile, the promoter of the contest on Earth is gaoled. NOW READ ON:



## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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Solution 41 ... 13/6

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9/1 18/5, 24/11



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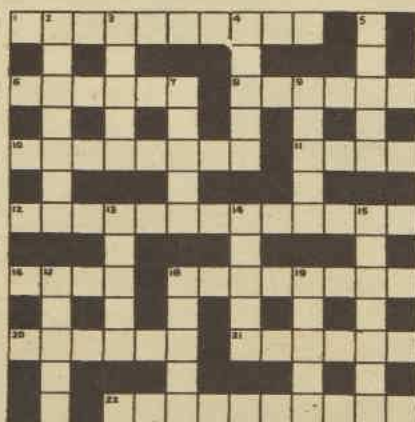
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Engineers have a part of the jaw in vaporizing condensations (10).
- Sucker with a sick inside (6).
- Pot-mender often followed by a tailor (6).
- Mothers to a fellow in an extinct mammal (8).
- An edict which is very contradictory if it is Irish (4).
- Such intention cannot be improved, and there is no second price (3, 3, 3, 4).
- Dry land in the Genesis legend (4).
- Accents if headless mostly found on women's heads (8).
- Grows on a turkey and in the bush (6).
- EH could be priest (6).
- The worst baker can make a parapet (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Biblical handmaid with a big start (7).
- Life to apportion a slave (5).
- The arch fiend (5).
- Bulge a V.I.P. (5).
- It shows what is coming from both ends (5).
- A very rich man who always has a shilling (5).
- Move swiftly with the navy (5).
- Sharp musical instruments (5).
- Loud-voiced person can be rotten if headless (7).
- Impress upon a holy but short electrical unit (5).
- A cubic metre (5).
- Anything that is proverbially worthless (5).



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